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SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

ROMEO AND JULIET

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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ROMEO AND JULIET.

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PREFACE

THIS edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, first published in 1879, is now thoroughly revised on the same general plan as its predecessors in the new series.

While I have omitted most of the notes on textual variations, I have retained a sufficient number to illustrate the curious and significant differences between the first and second quartos. Among the many new notes are some calling attention to portions of the early draft of the play — some of them very bad — which Shakespeare left unchanged when he revised it.

The references to Dowden in the notes are to his recent and valuable edition of the play, which I did not see until this of mine was on the point of going to the printer. The quotation on page 288 of the Appendix is from his *Shakspere: His Mind and Art*, which, by the way, was reprinted in this country at my suggestion.

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FUNERAL OF JULIET

VERONA

INTRODUCTION TO ROMEO AND JULIET

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

The earliest edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, so far as we know, was a quarto printed in 1597, the title-page of which asserts that "it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely." A second quarto appeared in 1599, declared to be "newly corrected, augmented, and amended."

Two other quartos appeared before the folio of 1623, one in 1609 and the other undated; and it is doubtful which was the earlier. The undated quarto is the first

that bears the name of the author ("Written by W. *Shake-speare*"), but this does not occur in some copies of the edition. A fifth quarto was published in 1637.

The first quarto is much shorter than the second, the former having only 2232 lines, including the prologue, while the latter has 3007 lines (Daniel). Some editors believe that the first quarto gives the author's first draft of the play, and the second the form it took after he had revised and enlarged it; but the majority of the best critics agree substantially in the opinion that the first quarto was a pirated edition, and represents in an abbreviated and imperfect form the play subsequently printed in full in the second. The former was "made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance;" the latter was from an authentic copy, and a careful comparison of the text with the earlier one shows that in the meantime the play "underwent revision, received some slight augmentation, and in some few places must have been entirely rewritten." A marked instance of this rewriting — the only one of considerable length — is in ii. 6. 6–37, where the first quarto reads thus (spelling and pointing being modernized): —

Jul. Romeo.
Rom. My Juliet, welcome. As do waking eyes
Closed in Night's mists attend the frolick Day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet,
And thou art come.

Jul. I am, if I be Day,
Come to my Sun : shine forth and make me fair.
Rom. All beauteous fairness dwelleth in thine eyes.
Jul. Romeo, from thine all brightness doth arise.
Fri. Come, wantons, come, the stealing hours do pass,
Defer embracements till some fitter time.
Part for a while, you shall not be alone
Till holy Church have joined ye both in one.
Rom. Lead, holy Father, all delay seems long.
Jul. Make haste, make haste, this lingering doth us wrong.

For convenient comparison I quote the later text here : —

Juliet. Good even to my ghostly confessor.
Friar Laurence. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Juliet. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.
Romeo. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.
Juliet. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.
Friar Laurence. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

The "omission, mutilation, or botching" by which some German editors would explain all differences between the earlier and later texts will not suffice to account for such divergence as this. "The two dialogues do not differ merely in expressiveness and effect; they embody different conceptions of the characters;" and yet we cannot doubt that both were written by Shakespeare.

But while the second quarto is "unquestionably our best authority" for the text of the play, it is certain that it "was not printed from the author's manuscript, but from a transcript, the writer of which was not only careless, but thought fit to take unwarrantable liberties with the text." The first quarto, with all its faults and imperfections, is often useful in the detection and correction of these errors and corruptions, and all the modern editors have made more or less use of its readings.

The third quarto (1609) was a reprint of the second, from which it "differs by a few corrections, and more frequently by additional errors." It is from this edition that the text of the first folio is taken, with some changes, accidental or intentional, "all generally for the worse," except in the punctuation, which is more correct, and the stage directions, which are more complete, than in the quarto.

The date of the first draft of the play has been much discussed, but cannot be said to have been settled. The majority of the editors believe that it was begun

as early as 1561, but I think that most of them lay too much stress on the Nurse's reference (i. 3. 22, 35) to the "earthquake," which occurred "eleven years" earlier, and which these critics suppose to have been the one felt in England in 1580.

Aside from this and other attempts to fix the date by external evidence of a doubtful character, the internal evidence confirms the opinion that the tragedy was an early work of the poet, and that it was subsequently "corrected, augmented, and amended." There is a good deal of rhyme, and much of it in the form of alternate rhyme. The alliteration, the frequent playing upon words, and the lyrical character of many passages also lead to the same conclusion.

The latest editors agree substantially with this view. Herford says: "The evidence points to 1594–1595 as the time at which the play was substantially composed, though it is tolerably certain that some parts of our present text were written as late as 1596–1598, and possibly that others are as early as 1591." Dowden sums up the matter thus: "On the whole, we might place *Romeo and Juliet*, on grounds of internal evidence, near *The Rape of Lucrece*; portions may be earlier in date; certain passages of the revised version are certainly later; but I think that 1595 may serve as an approximation to a central date, and cannot be far astray."

For myself, while agreeing substantially with these authorities, I think that a careful comparison of what

are evidently the earliest portions of the text with similar work in *Love's Labour's Lost* (a play revised like this, but retaining traces of the original form), *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and other plays which the critics generally assign to 1591 or 1592, proves conclusively that parts of *Romeo and Juliet* must be of quite as early a date.

The earliest reference to the play in the literature of the time is in a sonnet to Shakespeare by John Weever, written probably in 1595 or 1596, though not published until 1599. After referring to *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, Weever adds: —

> "*Romeo, Richard*, more whose names I know not,
> Their sugred tongues and power attractive beuty
> Say they are saints," etc.

No other allusion of earlier date than the publication of the first quarto has been discovered.

The Sources of the Plot

Girolamo della Corte, in his *Storia di Verona*, 1594, relates the story of the play as a true event occurring in 1303; but the earlier annalists of the city are silent on the subject. A tale very similar, the scene of which is laid in Siena, appears in a collection of novels by Masuccio di Salerno, printed at Naples in 1476; but Luigi da Porto, in his *La Giulietta*,[1] published about

[1] A translation of *La Giulietta*, with an historical and critical introduction by me, was published in Boston, 1893.

1530, is the first to call the lovers Romeo and Juliet, and to make them the children of the rival Veronese houses. The story was retold in French by Adrian Sevin, about 1542; and a poetical version of it was published at Venice in 1553. It is also found in Bandello's *Novelle*, 1554; and five years later Pierre Boisteau translated it, with some variations, into French in his *Histoire de Deux Amans*. The earliest English version of the romance appeared in 1562 in a poem by Arthur Brooke founded upon Boisteau's novel, and entitled *Romeus and Juliet*. A prose translation of Boisteau's novel was given in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, in 1567. It was undoubtedly from these English sources, and chiefly from the poem by Brooke, that Shakespeare drew his material. It is to be noted, however, that Brooke speaks of having seen "the same argument lately set forth on stage"; and it is possible that this lost play may also have been known to Shakespeare, though we have no reason to suppose that he made any use of it. That he followed Brooke's poem rather than Paynter's prose version is evident from a careful comparison of the two with the play.

Grant White remarks: "The tragedy follows the poem with a faithfulness which might be called slavish, were it not that any variation from the course of the old story was entirely unnecessary for the sake of dramatic interest, and were there not shown in the progress of the action, in the modification of one character and in the disposal of another, all peculiar

to the play, self-reliant dramatic intuition of the highest order. For the rest, there is not a personage or a situation, hardly a speech, essential to Brooke's poem, which has not its counterpart — its exalted and glorified counterpart — in the tragedy. . . . In brief, *Romeo and Juliet* owes to Shakespeare only its dramatic form and its poetic decoration. But what an exception is the latter! It is to say that the earth owes to the sun only its verdure and its flowers, the air only its perfume and its balm, the heavens only their azure and their glow. Yet this must not lead us to forget that the original tale is one of the most truthful and touching among the few that have entranced the ear and stirred the heart of the world for ages, or that in Shakespeare's transfiguration of it his fancy and his youthful fire had a much larger share than his philosophy or his imagination.

"The only variations from the story in the play are the three which have just been alluded to: the compression of the action, which in the story occupies four or five months, to within as many days, thus adding impetuosity to a passion which had only depth, and enhancing dramatic effect by quickening truth to vividness; the conversion of Mercutio from a mere courtier, 'bolde emong the bashfull maydes,' 'courteous of his speech and pleasant of devise,' into that splendid union of the knight and the fine gentleman, in portraying which Shakespeare, with prophetic eye piercing a century, shows us the fire of faded chivalry expiring

in a flash of wit; and the bringing-in of Paris (forgotten in the story after his bridal disappointment) to die at Juliet's bier by the hand of Romeo, thus gathering together all the threads of this love entanglement to be cut at once by Fate."

General Comments on the Play

Coleridge, in his *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare*, says: "The stage in Shakespeare's time was a naked room with a blanket for a curtain, but he made it a field for monarchs. That law of unity which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling, is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakespeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet:* all is youth and spring — youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies; spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency. It is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men; they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring; with Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth; whilst in Juliet love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of the Italian evening."

The play, like *The Merchant of Venice*, is thoroughly Italian in atmosphere and colour. The season, though Coleridge refers to it figuratively as spring, is really midsummer. The time is definitely fixed by the Nurse's talk about the age of Juliet. She asks Lady Capulet how long it is to Lammas-tide — that is, to August 1 — and the reply is, "A fortnight and odd days" — sixteen or seventeen days we may suppose, making the time of the conversation not far from the middle of July. This is confirmed by allusions to the weather and other natural phenomena in the play. At the beginning of act iii, for instance, Benvolio says to his friends: —

> "I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
> The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
> And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl,
> For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring."

When the Nurse goes on the errand to Romeo (ii. 4), Peter carries her fan, and she finds occasion to use it. "The nights are only softer days, not made for sleep, but for lingering in moonlit gardens, where the fruit-tree tops are tipped with silver and the nightingale sings on the pomegranate bough." It is only in the coolness of the dawn that Friar Laurence goes forth to gather herbs; and it is

> "An hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,"

that we find Romeo wandering in the grove of syca-

more, "with tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew," because Rosaline will not return his love.

In one instance, overlooked by the commentators generally, Shakespeare seems to forget the time of year. In the masquerade scene (i. 5) Old Capulet bids the servants "quench the fire" because "the room is grown too hot." In Brooke's poem, where the action covers four or five months, this scene is in the winter. Shakespeare, in condensing the time to less than a single week in summer, neglected to omit this reference to a colder season.

Aside from this little slip, the time is the Italian summer from first to last. And, as a French critic remarks, "the very form of the language comes from the South." The tale originated in Italy; "it breathes the very spirit of her national records, her old family feuds, the amorous and bloody intrigues which fill her annals. No one can fail to recognize Italy in its lyric rhythm, its blindness of passion, its blossoming and abundant vitality, in its brilliant imagery, its bold composition." All the characters are distinctively Italian. "In total effect," as another has said, "the play is so Italian that one may read it with increasing surprise and delight in Verona itself."

Although, as I have said, it is doubtful whether the story has any historical basis, the Montagues and the Capulets were famous old families in Verona. Dante alludes to them in the *Purgatorio* (vi. 107), though not as enemies: —

"Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti,
Monaldi e Filippeschi, uom senza cura,
Color già trìsti, e costor con sospetti." [1]

The palace of the Capulets is to this day pointed out in Verona. It is degraded to plebeian occupancy, and the only mark of its ancient dignity is the badge of the family, the *cap* carved in stone on the inner side of the entrance to the court, which is of ample size, surrounded by buildings that probably formed the main part of the mansion, but are now divided into many tenements. The garden has disappeared, having been covered with other buildings centuries ago.

The so-called "tomb of Juliet" is in a less disagreeable locality, but is unquestionably a fraud, though it has been exhibited for a century or two, and has received many tributes from credulous and sentimental tourists. It is in the garden of an ancient convent, and consists of an open, dilapidated stone sarcophagus (perhaps only an old horse-trough), without inscription or any authentic history. It is kept in a kind of shed, the walls of which are hung with faded wreaths and other mementoes from visitors. One pays twenty-five centesimi (five cents) for the privilege of inspecting it. Byron went to see it in 1816, and writes (November 6) to his sister Augusta: "I brought away four small pieces

[1] "Come see the Capulets and Montagues,—
Monaldi,—Filippeschi, reckless one!
These now in fear, already wretched those."
(Wright's translation.)

of it for you and the babes (at least the female part of them), and for Ada and her mother, if she will accept it from you. I thought the situation more appropriate to the history than if it had been less blighted. This struck me more than all the antiquities, more even than the amphitheatre." Maria Louisa, the French empress, got a piece of it, which she had made into hearts and other forms for bracelets and necklaces; and many other sentimental ladies followed the royal example before the mutilation of the relic was prohibited by its guardians.

To return to the play — one would suppose that the keynote was struck with sufficient clearness in the prologue to indicate Shakespeare's purpose and the moral lesson that he meant to impress; but many of the critics have nevertheless failed to understand it. They have assumed that the misfortunes of the hero and heroine were mainly due to their own rashness or imprudence in yielding to the impulses of passion instead of obeying the dictates of reason. They think that the dramatist speaks through Friar Laurence when he warns them against haste in the marriage (ii. 6. 9 fol.): —

> "These violent delights have violent ends,
> And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
> Which as they kiss consume; the sweetest honey
> Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
> And in the taste confounds the appetite.
> Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;
> Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

But the venerable celibate speaks for himself and in keeping with the character, not for Shakespeare.

Neither does the poet, as some believe, intend to read a lesson against clandestine marriage and disregard for the authority or approval of parents in the match. The Friar, even at the first suggestion of the hurried and secret marriage, does not oppose or discourage it on any such grounds; nor, in the closing scene, does he blame either the lovers or himself on that account. Nowhere in the play is there the slightest suggestion of so-called "poetic justice" or retribution in the fate that overtakes the unhappy pair.

It is the parents, not the children, that have sinned, and the sin of the parents is visited upon their innocent offspring. This is the burden of the prologue; and it is most emphatically repeated at the close of the play.

The feud of the two households and the civil strife that it has caused are the first things to which the attention of those who are to witness the play is called. Next they are told that the children of these two foes become lovers — not foolish, rash, imprudent lovers, not victims of disobedience to their parents, not in any way responsible for what they afterwards suffer — but "star-cross'd lovers." The fault is not in themselves, but in their stars — in their *fate* as the offspring of these hostile parents. But their unfortunate and piteous overthrow is the means by which the fatal feud of the two families is brought to an end. The "death-mark'd love" of the children — love as pure as it was

passionate, love true from first to last to the divine law of love — while by an evil destiny it brings death to themselves, involves also the death of the *hate* which was the primal cause of all the tragic consequences.

This is no less distinctly expressed in the last speeches of the play. After hearing the Friar's story, the Prince says: —

> "Where be these enemies? — Capulet! — Montague!
> See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
> That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
> And I, for winking at your discords too,
> Have lost a brace of kinsmen; all are punish'd.
> *Capulet.* O brother Montague, give me thy hand;
> This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
> Can I demand.
> *Montague.* But I can give thee more;
> For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
> That while Verona by that name is known
> There shall no figure at such rate be set
> As that of true and faithful Juliet.
> *Capulet.* As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
> Poor sacrifices of our enmity!"

It is the parents who are punished. The scourge is laid upon their *hate*, and it was the *love* of their children by which Heaven found the means to wield that scourge. The Prince himself has a share in the penalty for tolerating the discords of the families. "We all," he says, "*all* are punished." But the good Friar's hope, expressed when he consented to perform the marriage, —

"For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancour to pure love," —

is now fulfilled. Both Capulet and Montague, as they join hands in amity over the dead bodies of their children, acknowledge the debt they owe to the "star-cross'd" love of those "poor sacrifices of their enmity." They vie with each other in doing honour to the guiltless victims of their "pernicious rage." Montague will raise the golden statue to Juliet, and Capulet promises as rich a monument to Romeo.

Da Porto and Paynter and Brooke, in like manner, refer to the reconciliation of the rival families as the fortunate result of the tragic history. Da Porto says: "Their fathers, weeping over the bodies of their children and overcome by mutual pity, embraced each other; so that the long enmity between them and their houses, which neither the prayers of their friends, nor the menaces of the Prince, nor even time itself had been able to extinguish, was ended by the piteous death of the two lovers." As Paynter puts it, "The Montesches and Capellets poured forth such abundance of tears, as with the same they did evacuate their ancient grudge and choler, whereby they were then reconciled: and they which could not be brought to atonement[1] by any wisdom or human counsel were in the end van-

[1] In the original sense of reconciliation; as in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 36:

"he desires to make atonement
Betwixt the Duke of Gloster and your brothers," etc.

quished and made friends by pity." So Brooke, in his lumbering verse: —

"The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares, theyr choler and theyr rage
Was emptied quite; and they whose wrath no wisdom could asswage,
Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynd of murthers donne
At length (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne."

And then the poem, like the play, ends with a reference to the monumental honour done to the lovers:

"And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
The bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In stately tombe, on pillers great of marble, rayse they hye.
On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning Epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight."

ROMEO AND JULIET

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ESCALUS, prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.
MONTAGUE, } heads of two houses at variance with each other.
CAPULET, }
An old man of the Capulet family.
ROMEO, son to Montague.
MERCUTIO, kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.
BENVOLIO, nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.
TYBALT, nephew to Lady Capulet.
FRIAR LAURENCE, } Franciscans.
FRIAR JOHN, }
BALTHASAR, servant to Romeo.
SAMPSON, } servants to Capulet.
GREGORY, }
PETER, servant to Juliet's nurse.
ABRAM, servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
Three Musicians.
Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, wife to Montague.
LADY CAPULET, wife to Capulet.
JULIET, daughter to Capulet.
Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; Kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

THE "MEASURE"

PROLOGUE

Two households, both alike in dignity,
  In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
  Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
  A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life,
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
  Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage,
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

Scene I. *Verona. A Public Place*

Enter Sampson *and* Gregory, *of the house of Capulet, with swords and bucklers*

Sampson. Gregory, on my word, we 'll not carry coals.

Gregory. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sampson. I mean, an we be in choler we 'll draw.

Gregory. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sampson. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gregory. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sampson. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

Gregory. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sampson. A dog of that house shall move me to stand; I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gregory. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sampson. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall. Therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gregory. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men.

Sampson. 'T is all one, I will show myself a tyrant; when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids and cut off their heads.

Gregory. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Sampson. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Gregory. How? turn thy back and run?

Sampson. Fear me not.

Gregory. No, marry; I fear thee!

Sampson. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

Gregory. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sampson. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they bear it.

Enter Abram *and* Balthasar

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abram. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sampson. [*Aside to Gregory*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gregory. No.

Sampson. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gregory. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abram. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sampson. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abram. No better.

Sampson. Well, sir.

Gregory. [*Aside to Sampson*] Say 'better'; here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sampson. Yes, better, sir.

Abram. You lie.

Sampson. Draw, if you be men. — Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

Enter Benvolio

Benvolio. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do.
[*Beats down their swords.*

Enter Tybalt

Tybalt. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Benvolio. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tybalt. What, drawn and talk of peace! I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee;
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.*

Enter several of both houses who join the fray; then enter Citizens, *with clubs*

First Citizen. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter Capulet *in his gown, and* Lady Capulet

Capulet. What noise is this? Give me my long sword, ho!

Lady Capulet. A crutch, a crutch! why call you for a sword?

Capulet. My sword, I say! Old Montague is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter Montague *and* Lady Montague

Montague. Thou villain Capulet! — Hold me not, let me go.

Lady Montague. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, *with his train*

Prince. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel, —
Will they not hear? What, ho! you men, you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage

With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince. —
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. —
For this time, all the rest depart away. —
You, Capulet, shall go along with me; —
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Freetown, our common judgment-place. —
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt all but Montague, Lady Montague, and Benvolio.*

Montague. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Benvolio. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.

While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

Lady Montague. O, where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Benvolio. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made, but he was ware of me
And stole into the covert of the wood;
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought where most might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Montague. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself,
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,

And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Benvolio. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Montague. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Benvolio. Have you importun'd him by any means?
Montague. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself — I will not say how true —
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter Romeo

Benvolio. See, where he comes! So please you, step aside;
I 'll know his grievance or be much denied.
Montague. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift. — Come, madam, let 's away.
[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*
Benvolio. Good morrow, cousin.
Romeo. Is the day so young?
Benvolio. But new struck nine.
Romeo. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Benvolio. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?

Romeo. Not having that which, having, makes them short.

Benvolio. In love?

Romeo. Out —

Benvolio. Of love?

Romeo. Out of her favour where I am in love.

Benvolio. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Romeo. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? — O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here 's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first created!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I that feel no love in this.
Dost thou not laugh?

Benvolio. No, coz, I rather weep.

Romeo. Good heart, at what?

Benvolio. At thy good heart's oppression.

Romeo. Why, such is love's transgression.
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast,
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine ; this love that thou hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs ;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.
What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.
Farewell, my coz.

Benvolio. Soft ! I will go along ;
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Romeo. Tut, I have lost myself, I am not here ;
This is not Romeo, he 's some other where.

Benvolio. Tell me in sadness who is that you love.

Romeo. What, shall I groan and tell thee ?

Benvolio. Groan ! why, no,
But sadly tell me who.

Romeo. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will ;
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is so ill !
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Benvolio. I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd.

Romeo. A right good mark-man ! And she 's fair I love.

Benvolio. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Romeo. Well, in that hit you miss. She 'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow ; she hath Dian's wit,
And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From Love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O, she is rich in beauty! only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
Benvolio. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
Romeo. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;
For beauty starv'd with her severity
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
Benvolio. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Romeo. O, teach me how I should forget to think.
Benvolio. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.
Romeo. 'T is the way
To call hers exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.
Benvolio. I 'll pay that doctrine or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Street*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and* Servant

Capulet. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
Paris. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pity 't is you liv'd at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
Capulet. But saying o'er what I have said before.
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years.
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Paris. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
Capulet. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.
The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night

Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house. Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which on more view of many, mine being one
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me. — [*To Servant, giving a paper*] Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say,
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris.*

Servant. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. — In good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo

Benvolio. Tut, man, one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish.

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Romeo. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio. For what, I pray thee?

Romeo. For your broken shin.

Benvolio. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Romeo. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented and — Good-den, good fellow.

Servant. God gi' good-den. — I pray, sir, can you read?

Romeo. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Servant. Perhaps you have learned it without book; but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Romeo. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Servant. Ye say honestly; rest you merry!

Romeo. Stay, fellow; I can read.

[Reads] '*Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daughters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena.*'
A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Servant. Up.

Romeo. Whither?

Servant. To supper; to our house.

Romeo. Whose house?

Servant. My master's.

Romeo. Indeed, I should have ask'd you that before.

Servant. Now I 'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

Benvolio. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona.
Go thither, and with unattainted eye
Compare her face with some that I shall show,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Romeo. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who often drown'd could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Benvolio. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.

Romeo. I 'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Room in Capulet's House*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurse

Lady Capulet. Nurse, where 's my daughter? call her
forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old,
I bade her come. — What, lamb! what, lady-bird! —
God forbid! — Where 's this girl? — What, Juliet!

Enter Juliet

Juliet. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Juliet. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?

Lady Capulet. This is the matter: — Nurse, give
leave awhile,
We must talk in secret. — Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou 's hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter 's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

Lady Capulet. She 's not fourteen.

Nurse. I 'll lay fourteen of my teeth, —
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four, —
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

Lady Capulet. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.

Susan and she — God rest all Christian souls! —
Were of an age; well, Susan is with God,
She was too good for me; but, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, — I never shall forget it, —
Of all the days of the year, upon that day
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall;
My lord and you were then at Mantua. —
Nay, I do bear a brain; — but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug!
Shake, quoth the dove-house; 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years,
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about. —
God mark thee to his grace!
Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd;
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

Lady Capulet. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. — Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Juliet. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou hadst suck'd wisdom from thy teat.
Lady Capulet. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon these years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief:
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.
Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world — why, he 's a man of wax.
Lady Capulet. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.
Nurse. Nay, he 's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
Lady Capulet. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen.
Examine every married lineament
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover;
The fish lives in the sea, and 't is much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.
That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.
Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Juliet. I 'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant

Servant. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

Lady Capulet. We follow thee. — [*Exit Servant.*] Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Street*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or six* Maskers, Torch-bearers, *and others*

Romeo. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?

Benvolio. The date is out of such prolixity.
We 'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them measure us by what they will,
We 'll measure them a measure, and be gone.
Romeo. Give me a torch; I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.
Mercutio. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.
Romeo. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mercutio. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.
Romeo. I am too sore enpierced with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers, and, so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe;
Under love's heavy burden do I sink.
Mercutio. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Romeo. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous, and it pricks like thorn.
Mercutio. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down. —
Give me a case to put my visage in; [*Putting on a mask*]
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.
Benvolio. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in
But every man betake him to his legs.

Romeo. A torch for me; let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase:
I 'll be a candle-holder and look on.
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.
Mercutio. Tut, dun 's the mouse, the constable's own word;
If thou art Dun, we 'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. — Come, we burn daylight, ho!
Romeo. Nay, that 's not so.
Mercutio. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
Romeo. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.
Mercutio. Why, may one ask?
Romeo. I dreamt a dream to-night.
Mercutio. And so did I.
Romeo. Well, what was yours?
Mercutio. That dreamers often lie.
Romeo. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Mercutio. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,
The traces of the smallest spider's web,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coachmakers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five-fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes.
This is she —
Romeo. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mercutio. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South.
Benvolio. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
Romeo. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life clos'd in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But He that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! — On, lusty gentlemen.
Benvolio. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A Hall in Capulet's House*

Musicians *waiting*. *Enter* Servingmen *with napkins*

1 *Servingman.* Where 's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? He shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Servingman.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands and they unwashed too, 't is a foul thing.

1 *Servingman.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. — Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell. — Antony! — and Potpan!

2 *Servingman.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Servingman.* You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Servingman.* We cannot be here and there too. — Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

Enter Capulet, *with* Juliet *and others of his house, meeting the* Guests *and* Maskers

Capulet. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns will have a bout with you. —
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty,
She, I 'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now? —

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone. —
You are welcome, gentlemen! — Come, musicians, play. —
A hall, a hall! give room! and foot it, girls. —
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot. —
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well. —
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is 't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?

2 Capulet. By 'r lady, thirty years.

Capulet. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much!
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Capulet. 'T is more, 't is more! His son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.

Capulet. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Romeo. [*To a Servingman*] What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Servingman. I know not, sir.

Romeo. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

She seems to hang
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I 'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tybalt. This, by his voice, should be a Montague. —
Fetch me my rapier, boy. — What dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Capulet. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so?

Tybalt. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe,
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Capulet. Young Romeo is it?

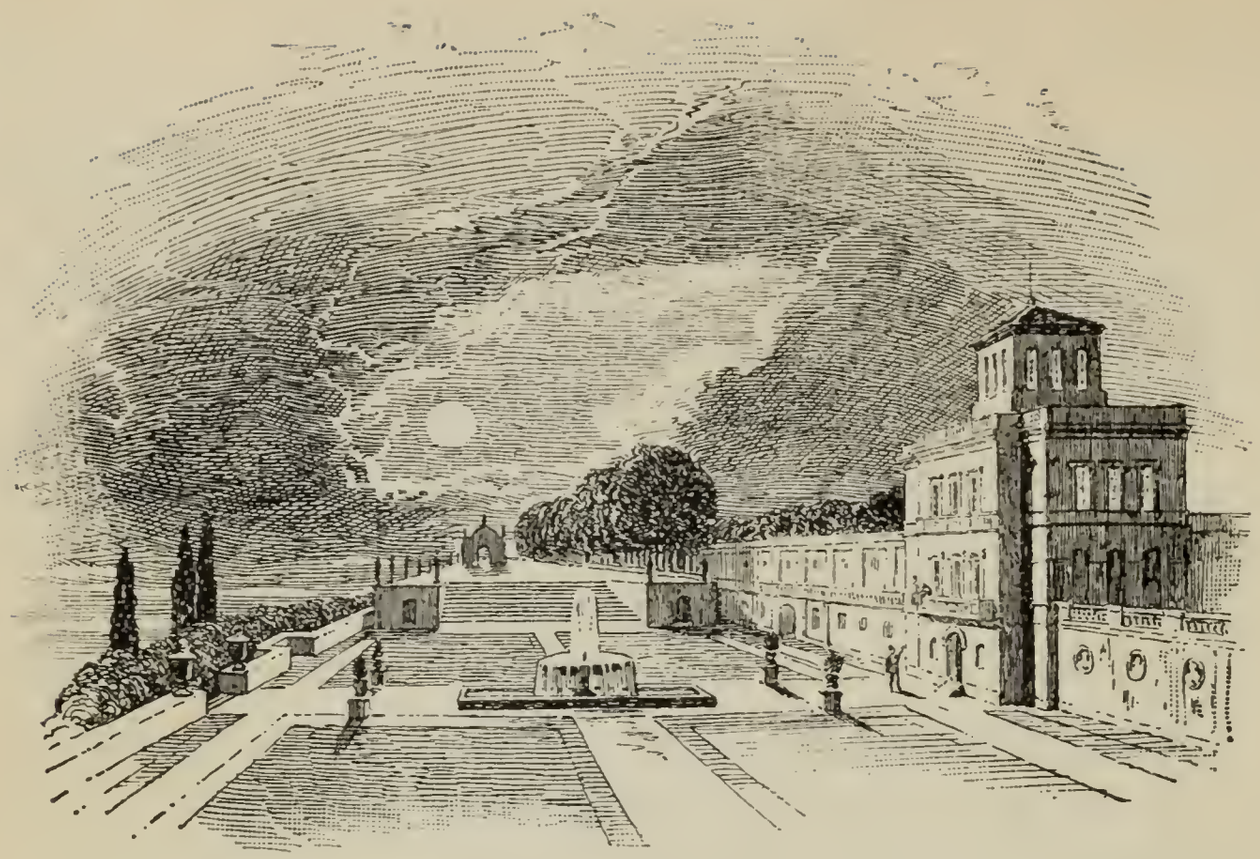
Tybalt. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Capulet. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone.
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him.
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tybalt. It fits when such a villain is a guest;
I 'll not endure him.
Capulet. He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy! I say he shall. Go to;
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You 'll not endure him! — God shall mend my soul! —
You 'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you 'll be the man!
Tybalt. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.
Capulet. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy. — Is 't so, indeed? —
This trick may chance to scathe you, — I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 't is time. —
Well said, my hearts! — You are a princox; go!
Be quiet, or — More light, more light! — For shame!
I 'll make you quiet. What! — Cheerly, my hearts!
Tybalt. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Romeo. [*To Juliet*] If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Juliet. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Romeo. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Juliet. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Romeo. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Juliet. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Romeo. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*
Juliet. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Romeo. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Juliet. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Romeo. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.
Romeo. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Benvolio. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.
Romeo. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
Capulet. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards. —
Is it e'en so? why, then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night. —
More torches here! — Come on then, let 's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I 'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*
Juliet. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Juliet. What 's he that now is going out of door?
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Juliet. What 's he that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Juliet. Go, ask his name. — If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.
Juliet. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What 's this? what 's this?
Juliet. A rhyme I learn'd even now.
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within* 'Juliet.'
Nurse. Anon, anon! —
Come, let 's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*



CAPULET'S GARDEN

ACT II

Enter Chorus

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair for which love groan'd for and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks,
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where.

But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

Scene I. *A Lane by the Wall of Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Romeo

Romeo. Can I go forward when my heart is here? —
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio

Benvolio. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mercutio. He is wise,
And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.
Benvolio. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.
Mercutio. Nay, I 'll conjure too. —
Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh!
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but 'Ay me!' pronounce but 'love' and 'dove'; 10
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Abraham Cupid, he that shot so trim
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid! —
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him. —

I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead and her scarlet lip,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us!

Benvolio. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mercutio. This cannot anger him; 't would anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it and conjur'd it down.
That were some spite; my invocation
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name
I conjure only but to raise him up.

Benvolio. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous night;
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.

Mercutio. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.—
Romeo, good night. — I 'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep.
Come, shall we go?

Benvolio. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Romeo

Romeo. He jests at scars that never felt a wound. —
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun. —
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she.
Be not her maid, since she is envious.
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off. —
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were! —
She speaks, yet she says nothing; what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks.
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Juliet. Ay me!

Romeo. She speaks. —
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes

Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love
And I 'll no longer be a Capulet.
Romeo. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?
Juliet. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What 's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What 's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. — Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Romeo. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I 'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Juliet. What man art thou that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?
Romeo. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am.

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee ;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Juliet. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound. —
Art thou not Romeo and a Montague ?
Romeo. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
Juliet. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore ?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Romeo. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt ;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Juliet. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
Romeo. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords ; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Juliet. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Romeo. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes ;
And but thou love me, let them find me here.
My life were better ended by their hate
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Juliet. By whose direction found'st thou out this place ?

Romeo. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Juliet. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say ay,
And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I 'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo, but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I 'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops —

Juliet. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Romeo. What shall I swear by?
Juliet. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.
Romeo. If my heart's dear love —
Juliet. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
Romeo. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Juliet. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Romeo. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Juliet. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
Romeo. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Juliet. But to be frank and give it thee again;
And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[*Nurse calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu! —
Anon, good nurse! — Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Romeo. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, *above*

Juliet. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I 'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I 'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!
Juliet. I come, anon. — But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee —
Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!
Juliet. By and by, I come. —
To cease thy suit and leave me to my grief;
To-morrow will I send.
Romeo. So thrive my soul —

Juliet. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Romeo. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light. —

Love goes toward love as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love toward school with heavy looks.

[*Retiring slowly.*

Re-enter JULIET, *above*

Juliet. Hist! Romeo, hist! — O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Romeo. It is my soul that calls upon my name;
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Juliet. Romeo!

Romeo. My dear?

Juliet. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Romeo. At the hour of nine.

Juliet. I will not fail; 't is twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Romeo. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Juliet. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Romeo. And I 'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Juliet. 'T is almost morning; I would have thee gone,
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Romeo. I would I were thy bird.
Juliet. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
[*Exit above.*
Romeo. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene III. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar Laurence, *with a basket*

Friar Laurence. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels

From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth that 's nature's mother is her tomb;
What is her burying grave that is her womb,
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities!
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse.
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime 's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power;
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part,
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, — grace and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo

Romeo. Good morrow, father.

Friar Laurence. Benedicite!
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me? —
Young son, it argues a distemper'd head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges sleep will never lie;
But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-rous'd with some distemperature;
Or if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Romeo. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.

Friar Laurence. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Romeo. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Friar Laurence. That 's my good son; but where hast thou been, then?

Romeo. I 'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me
That 's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Friar Laurence. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
Romeo. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet.
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combin'd, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage. When and where and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I 'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Friar Laurence. Holy Saint Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall when there 's no strength in men.

Romeo. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Friar Laurence. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Romeo. And bad'st me bury love.

Friar Laurence. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Romeo. I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow,
The other did not so.

Friar Laurence. O, she knew well
Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I 'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Romeo. O, let us hence! I stand on sudden haste.

Friar Laurence. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Street*

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio

Mercutio. Where the devil should this Romeo be? Came he not home to-night?

Benvolio. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mercutio. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.

Benvolio. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mercutio. A challenge, on my life.

Benvolio. Romeo will answer it.

Mercutio. Any man that can write may answer a letter.

Benvolio. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mercutio. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Benvolio. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mercutio. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the courageous captain of compliments! He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Benvolio. The what?

Mercutio. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents! 'By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man!' — Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois,* who stand so much

on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons!*

Enter Romeo

Benvolio. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mercutio. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in; Laura to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her; Dido a dowdy; Cleopatra a gypsy; Helen and Hero hildings and harlots; Thisbe a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose. — Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there 's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mercutio. The slip, sir, the slip; can you not conceive?

Romeo. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

Mercutio. That 's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Romeo. Meaning, to curtsy.

Mercutio. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Romeo. A most courteous exposition.

Mercutio. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Romeo. Pink for flower.

Mercutio. Right.

Romeo. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mercutio. Well said; follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out thy pump, that when the single sole of it is worn the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular.

Romeo. O single-souled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mercutio. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Romeo. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I 'll cry a match.

Mercutio. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Romeo. Thou wast never with me for any thing when thou was not there for the goose.

Mercutio. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Romeo. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mercutio. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Romeo. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mercutio. O, here 's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Romeo. I stretch it out for that word 'broad,' which added to the goose proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mercutio. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? Now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature; for this drivelling love is like a great natural, —

Benvolio. Stop there, stop there.

Romeo. Here 's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse *and* Peter

Mercutio. A sail, a sail!

Benvolio. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter! 100

Peter. Anon!

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mercutio. Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan 's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mercutio. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mercutio. 'T is no less, I tell you, for the hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you! 110

Romeo. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? — Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Romeo. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when

you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mercutio. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Benvolio. She will indite him to some supper.

Mercutio. So ho!

Romeo. What hast thou found?

Mercutio. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. — Romeo, will you come to your father's? we 'll to dinner thither.

Romeo. I will follow you.

Mercutio. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [*singing*] 'lady, lady, lady!'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Nurse. Marry, farewell! — I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Romeo. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An a' speak any thing against me, I 'll take him down an a' were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I 'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. — And thou must stand

by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave! — Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say; for the gentlewoman is young, and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Romeo. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee —

Nurse. Good heart, and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord, she will be a joyful woman!

Romeo. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest, which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Romeo. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift
This afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell

Be shriv'd and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir, not a penny.

Romeo. Go to; I say you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Romeo. And stay, good nurse; behind the abbey wall
Within this hour my man shall be with thee,
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell; be trusty, and I 'll quit thy pains.
Farewell; commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir.

Romeo. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Romeo. I warrant thee, my man 's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady —Lord, Lord! when 't was a little prating thing— O, there is a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I 'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Romeo. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that 's the dog's name; R is

for the — No, I know it begins with some other letter — and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Romeo. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. — [*Exit Romeo*] Peter!

Peter. Anon.

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Juliet

Juliet. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him; that 's not so.
O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams
Driving back shadows over lowering hills;
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;
But old folks, many feign as they were dead,
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead. —

Enter Nurse *and* Peter

O God, she comes! — O honey nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.
Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit Peter.*
Juliet. Now, good sweet nurse, — O Lord, why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!
Juliet. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?
Juliet. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I 'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?
Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man. Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they

are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I 'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What, have you dined at home?

Juliet. No, no; but all this did I know before. What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other side, — O, my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Juliet. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous, — Where is your mother?

Juliet. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest!
'Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
Where is your mother?'

Nurse. O God's lady dear!
Are you so hot? marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Juliet. Here 's such a coil! — come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Juliet. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They 'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark.
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight.
Go; I 'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Juliet. Hie to high fortune! — Honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Romeo

Friar Laurence. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after hours with sorrow chide us not!

Romeo. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Friar Laurence. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which as they kiss consume; the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow. —

Enter JULIET

Here comes the lady. O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint!
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall, so light is vanity.

Juliet. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

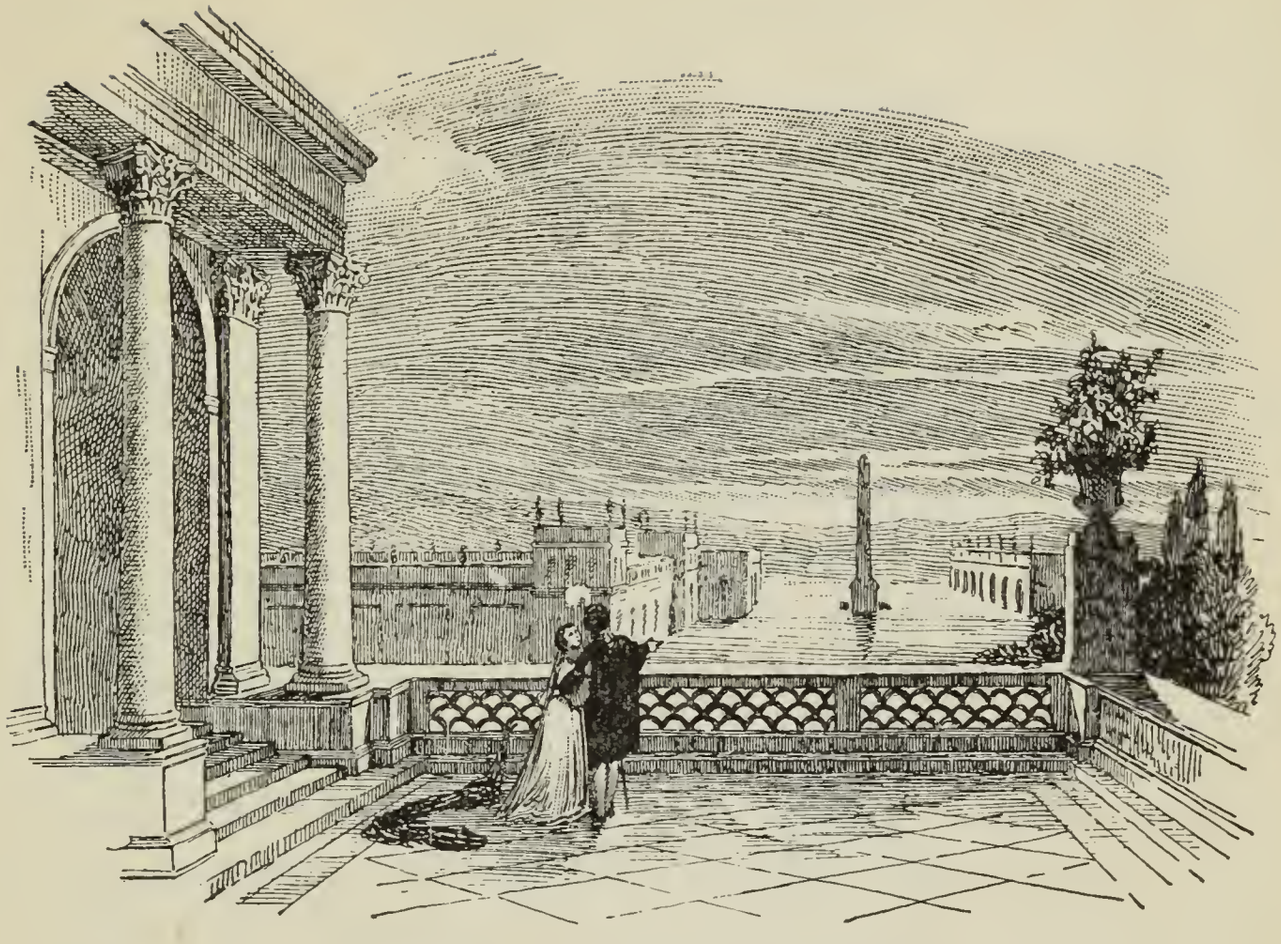
Friar Laurence. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Juliet. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Romeo. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Juliet. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament.
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Friar Laurence. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*



LOGGIA OF CAPULET'S HOUSE

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Public Place*

Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, *and* Servants

Benvolio. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let 's retire.
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And if we meet we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

Mercutio. Thou art like one of those fellows that when he enters the confines of a tavern claps me his sword upon the table, and says 'God send me no need of thee!' and by the operation of the second

cup draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Benvolio. Am I like such a fellow?

Mercutio. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy, and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Benvolio. And what to?

Mercutio. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes; what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Benvolio. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mercutio. The fee-simple! O simple!

Benvolio. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mercutio. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and others*

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speak to them. — Gentlemen, good den; a word with one of you.

Mercutio. And but one word with one of us? couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tybalt. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mercutio. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tybalt. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo, —

Mercutio. Consort! what, dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords; here 's my fiddlestick, here 's that shall make you dance. Zounds, consort!

Benvolio. We talk here in the public haunt of men.
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mercutio. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO

Tybalt. Well, peace be with you, sir; here comes my man.

Mercutio. But I 'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery.

Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower;
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tybalt. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this, — thou art a villain.

Romeo. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting. Villain am I none,
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

Tybalt. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Romeo. I do protest, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love;
And so, good Capulet, — which name I tender
As dearly as my own, — be satisfied.

Mercutio. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. — [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tybalt. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mercutio. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tybalt. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Romeo. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mercutio. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Romeo. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons. —

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!
Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath
Forbid this bandying in Verona streets.
Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his partisans.*

Mercutio. I am hurt.
A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Benvolio. What, art thou hurt?

Mercutio. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough. —
Where is my page? — Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*

Romeo. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mercutio. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 't is enough, 't will serve; ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. — A plague o' both your houses! — Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic! — Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Romeo. I thought all for the best.

Mercutio. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. — A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worms' meat of me. I have it,
And soundly too; — your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

Romeo. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, — Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin! — O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO

Benvolio. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio 's dead!
That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.
Romeo. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woe others must end.
Benvolio. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Re-enter TYBALT

Romeo. Alive, in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now! —
Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again
That late thou gav'st me! for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.
Tybalt. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Romeo. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*

Benvolio. Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.
Stand not amaz'd; the prince will doom thee death
If thou art taken. Hence, be gone, away!

Romeo. O, I am fortune's fool!

Benvolio. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*

Enter Citizens, *etc.*

1 *Citizen.* Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio? 140
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?

Benvolio. There lies that Tybalt.

1 *Citizen.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, *attended;* Montague, Capulet, *their* Wives, *and others*

Prince. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Benvolio. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl.
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

Lady Capulet. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!
O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spilt 150
Of my dear kinsman! — Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague. —
O cousin, cousin!

Prince. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Benvolio. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay;
Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure. All this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast,
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,
'Hold, friends! friends, part!' and swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes, underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio; and then Tybalt fled,
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain,
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

Lady Capulet. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true.

Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prince. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Montague. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.

Prince. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence.
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I 'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses.
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will;
Mercy but murthers, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Capulet's Orchard*

Enter Juliet

Juliet. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner

As Phaethon would whip you to the west
And bring in cloudy night immediately. —
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing Night,
That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen. —
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. — Come, civil Night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods.
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle, till strange love grown bold
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, Night, come, Romeo, come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of Night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Come, gentle Night, come, loving, black-brow'd Night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun. —
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it, and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. — O, here comes my nurse,

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence. —

Enter Nurse, *with cords*

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords. [*Throws them down.*

Juliet. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he 's dead, he 's dead, he 's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he 's gone, he 's kill'd, he 's dead!

Juliet. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. — O Romeo, Romeo! —
Who ever would have thought it? — Romeo!

Juliet. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but ay.
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an *I*,
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer ay.
If he be slain, say ay; or if not, no.
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes —
God save the mark! — here on his manly breast;
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse,
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore-blood; I swounded at the sight.
Juliet. O, break, my heart! poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes, ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
Juliet. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd, and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living if those two are gone?
Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.
Juliet. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day, it did!
Juliet. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,

A damned saint, an honourable villain!
O nature, what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
Nurse. There 's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers. —
Ah, where 's my man? give me some aqua vitæ. —
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows, make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
Juliet. Blister'd be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame;
Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit,
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?
Juliet. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband? —
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you mistaking offer up to joy.

My husband lives that Tybalt would have slain,
And Tybalt 's dead that would have slain my husband.
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murther'd me. I would forget it fain,
But, O, it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo — banished!'
That 'banished,' that one word 'banished,'
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt 's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
'Romeo is banished!' — to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished!'
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound. —
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Juliet. Wash they his wounds with tears; mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. — Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd;
He made you for a highway to my bed,
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Nurse. Hie to your chamber. I 'll find Romeo
To comfort you; I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night.
I 'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
Juliet. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his last farewell. 141
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar Laurence

Friar Laurence. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man.
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter Romeo

Romeo. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Friar Laurence. Too familiar
Is my dear son with such sour company;
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
Romeo. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Friar Laurence. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.
Romeo. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say death,
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death; do not say banishment.
Friar Laurence. Hence from Verona art thou banished;
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Romeo. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death. Then banished
Is death misterm'd; calling death banishment
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smil'st upon the stroke that murthers me.
Friar Laurence. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.
Romeo. 'T is torture, and not mercy; heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her,
But Romeo may not. More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion-flies than Romeo. They may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished.
And say'st thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
But 'banished' to kill me? — Banished!
O friar, the damned use that word in hell,
Howling attends it; how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,
To mangle me with that word 'banished'?

Friar Laurence. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Romeo. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Friar Laurence. I 'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Romeo. Yet 'banished'? Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not; talk no more.

Friar Laurence. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Romeo. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Friar Laurence. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Romeo. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murthered,
Doting like me and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

[*Knocking within.*

Friar Laurence. Arise; one knocks. Good Romeo, hide thyself.

Romeo. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans
Mist-like infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

Friar Laurence. Hark, how they knock! — Who 's there? — Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken. — Stay awhile! — Stand up;

[*Knocking.*

Run to my study. — By and by! — God's will,
What simpleness is this! — I come, I come! [*Knocking.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what 's your will?

Nurse. [*Within*] Let me come in and you shall know my errand;
I come from Lady Juliet.

Friar Laurence. Welcome, then.

Enter Nurse

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where 's Romeo?

Friar Laurence. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!

Friar Laurence. O woful sympathy!
Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering. —
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man.
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand.
Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Romeo. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir! Well, death 's the end of all.

Romeo. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murtherer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Romeo. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her, as that name's cursed hand
Murther'd her kinsman. — O, tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*

Friar Laurence. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast.
Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth and heaven and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too.
The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation. —
Go before, nurse, commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto;
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have stay'd here all the night
To hear good counsel; O, what learning is! —
My lord, I 'll tell my lady you will come.

Romeo. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir;
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

Romeo. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Friar Laurence. Go hence; good night; and here stands all your state:
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua; I 'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good night.

Romeo. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *A Room in Capulet's House*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, *and* Paris

Capulet. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I. — Well, we were born to die. —
'T is very late, she 'll not come down to-night;
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Paris. These times of woe afford no time to woo. —
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
Lady Capulet. I will, and know her mind early to-
morrow;
To-night she 's mew'd up to her heaviness.
Capulet. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not. —
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
But, soft! what day is this?
Paris. Monday, my lord.
Capulet. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too
soon.
O' Thursday let it be; o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We 'll keep no great ado, — a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we 'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Paris. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-
morrow.
Capulet. Well, get you gone; o' Thursday be it
then. —
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day. —
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by. — Good night. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet

Juliet. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day.
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale; look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Juliet. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer
And light thee on thy way to Mantua;
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.
Romeo. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I 'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay than will to go;
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is 't, my soul? let 's talk, it is not day.
Juliet. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunt's-up to the day.
O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.
Romeo. More light and light? — More dark and dark our woes!

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Madam!
Juliet. Nurse?
Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber.
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit.*
Juliet. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Romeo. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I 'll descend.
[*Romeo descends.*
Juliet. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days.

O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Romeo. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Juliet. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Romeo. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Juliet. O God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb;
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Romeo. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you;
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu! [*Exit.*

Juliet. O Fortune, Fortune! all men call thee fickle;
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, Fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

Lady Capulet. [*Within*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

Juliet. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady Capulet

Lady Capulet. Why, how now, Juliet!

Juliet. Madam, I am not well.

Lady Capulet. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love,
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Juliet. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

Lady Capulet. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

Juliet. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

Lady Capulet. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Juliet. What villain, madam?

Lady Capulet. That same villain, Romeo.

Juliet. Villain and he be many miles asunder. —
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

Lady Capulet. That is, because the traitor murtherer lives.

Juliet. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!

Lady Capulet. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not;
Then weep no more. I 'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Juliet. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied

With Romeo, till I behold him — dead —
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd. —
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet. O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!
Lady Capulet. Find thou the means, and I 'll find such a man.
But now I 'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
Juliet. And joy comes well in such a needy time.
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?
Lady Capulet. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.
Juliet. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?
Lady Capulet. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.
Juliet. Now, by Saint Peter's Church and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!
Lady Capulet. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET *and* Nurse

Capulet. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew,
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright. —
How now! a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?
Evermore showering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs,
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossed body. — How now, wife!
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
Lady Capulet. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!
Capulet. Soft! take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blest,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Juliet. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have;
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate that is meant love.
Capulet. How now, how now, chop-logic! What is this?
'Proud' and 'I thank you' and 'I thank you not,'
And yet 'not proud'! Mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow-face!
Lady Capulet. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
Juliet. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
Capulet. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch. — Wife, we scarce thought us blest
That God had lent us but this only child,
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her;
Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
Capulet. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.
Nurse. I speak no treason.
Capulet. O, God ye god-den!
Nurse. May not one speak?
Capulet. Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
Lady Capulet. You are too hot.
Capulet. God's bread! it makes me mad! Day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man, —
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To answer 'I 'll not wed; I cannot love,
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.' —
But, an you will not wed, I 'll pardon you;
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.
Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.

An you be mine, I 'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I 'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
Trust to 't, bethink you; I 'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
Juliet. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.
Lady Capulet. Talk not to me, for I 'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Juliet. O God!—O nurse, how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.
Nurse. Faith, here 't is. Romeo
Is banished, and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,

I think it best you married with the county.
O, he 's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo 's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first; or if it did not,
Your first is dead, or 't were as good he were
As living here and you no use of him.
Juliet. Speakest thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Juliet. Amen!
Nurse. What?
Juliet. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much.
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolv'd.
Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
Juliet. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue
Which she hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thousand times? — Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain. —
I 'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

JULIET AT LAURENCE'S CELL.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE *and* PARIS

Friar Laurence. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Paris. My father Capulet will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Friar Laurence. You say you do not know the lady's mind;

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Paris. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears,
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Friar Laurence. [*Aside*] I would I knew not why it should be slow'd. —
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET

Paris. Happily met, my lady and my wife!

Juliet. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Paris. That may be must be, love, on Thursday next.

Juliet. What must be shall be.

Friar Laurence. That 's a certain text.

Paris. Come you to make confession to this father?

Juliet. To answer that, I should confess to you.

Paris. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Juliet. I will confess to you that I love him.

Paris. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Juliet. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Paris. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Juliet. The tears have got small victory by that,
For it was bad enough before their spite.
Paris. Thou wrong'st it more than tears with that report.
Juliet. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
Paris. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.
Juliet. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
Friar Laurence. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now. —
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
Paris. God shield I should disturb devotion! —
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye;
Till then, adieu, and keep this holy kiss. [*Exit.*
Juliet. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help!
Friar Laurence. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits.
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
Juliet. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it;
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I 'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel, or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Friar Laurence. Hold, daughter! I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I 'll give thee remedy.

Juliet. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks and yellow chapless skulls;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud, —
Things, that to hear them told, have made me tremble,—
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Friar Laurence. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow.
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress but surcease.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead.
Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no inconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Juliet. Give me, give me! O, tell not me of fear!

Friar Laurence. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I 'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Juliet. Love give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Hall in Capulet's House*

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, Nurse, *and two* Servingmen

Capulet. So many guests invite as here are writ. —
[*Exit Servant.*
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Servant.* You shall have none ill, sir, for I 'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Capulet. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Servant.* Marry, sir, 't is an ill cook that cannot

lick his own fingers; therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Capulet. Go, be gone. — [*Exit Servant.*

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.

What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Capulet. Well, he may chance to do some good on her;

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET

Capulet. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?

Juliet. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition
To you and your behests, and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here
And beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Capulet. Send for the county; go tell him of this.
I 'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Juliet. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Capulet. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well, — stand up.
This is as 't should be. — Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither. —

Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Juliet. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

Lady Capulet. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.

Capulet. Go, nurse, go with her; we 'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.*

Lady Capulet. We shall be short in our provision;
'T is now near night.

Capulet. Tush, I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her.
I 'll not to bed to-night; let me alone,
I 'll play the housewife for this once. — What, ho! —
They are all forth. Well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Juliet *and* Nurse

Juliet. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night,
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter Lady Capulet

Lady Capulet. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?

Juliet. No, madam; we have cull'd such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden business.

Lady Capulet. Good night;
Get thee to bed and rest, for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Juliet. Farewell! — God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins
That almost freezes up the heat of life;
I 'll call them back again to comfort me. —
Nurse! — What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone. —
Come, vial. —
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no! — this shall forbid it. — Lie thou there. —

[*Laying down a dagger.*

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd
Because he married me before to Romeo?

I fear it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there 's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place, —
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for these many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort; —
Alack, alack, is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad; —
O, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains? —
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body

Upon a rapier's point. — Stay, Tybalt, stay! —
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*

Scene IV. *Hall in Capulet's House*

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurse

Lady Capulet. Hold, take these keys and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet

Capulet. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew-bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock. —
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica;
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; faith, you 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Capulet. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause and ne'er been sick.

Lady Capulet. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.*

Capulet. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood! —

Enter three or four Servingmen, *with spits, logs, and baskets*

Now, fellow,
What 's there?

1 *Servant.* Things for the cook, sir, but I know not what.

Capulet. Make haste, make haste. — [*Exit Servant.*] Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Servant.* I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

Capulet. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head. — Good faith, 't is day;
The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would. I hear him near. —

[*Music within.*

Nurse! — Wife! — What, ho! — What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter Nurse

Go waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I 'll go and chat with Paris. — Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom he is come already;
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Juliet's Chamber*

Enter Nurse

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet! Fast, I warrant her, she. —

Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweet-heart! why, bride!
What, not a word? — How sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her. — Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He 'll fright you up, i' faith. — Will it not be?
[*Undraws the curtains.*
What, dress'd! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady! —
Alas, alas! — Help, help! my lady 's dead! —
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born! —
Some aqua vitæ, ho! — My lord! my lady!

Enter Lady Capulet

Lady Capulet. What noise is here?
Nurse. O lamentable day!
Lady Capulet. What is the matter?
Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!
Lady Capulet. O me, O me! My child, my only life,
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee! —
Help, help! Call help.

Enter Capulet

Capulet. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She 's dead, deceas'd, she 's dead; alack the day!
Lady Capulet. Alack the day, she 's dead, she 's dead, she 's dead!

Capulet. Ha! let me see her. Out, alas! she 's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

Lady Capulet. O woful time!

Capulet. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar Laurence *and* Paris *with* Musicians

Friar Laurence. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Capulet. Ready to go, but never to return. — 30
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflower'd by him.
Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's.

Paris. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?

Lady Capulet. Accurst, unhappy, wretched, hateful day! 40
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!
Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day, most woful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
O woful day, O woful day!
Paris. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable Death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
Capulet. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murther, murther our solemnity? —
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! Alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Friar Laurence. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid.
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion,
For 't was your heaven she should be advanc'd;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O, in this love you love your child so ill
That you run mad seeing that she is well;
She 's not well married that lives married long,
But she 's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse, and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Capulet. All things that we ordained festival
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast,
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change,
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Friar Laurence. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with him; —
And go, Sir Paris; — every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lower upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.*

1 *Musician.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1 *Musician.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians, 'Heart's ease, Heart's ease'; O, an you will have me live, play 'Heart's ease.'

1 *Musician.* Why 'Heart's ease'?

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays 'My heart is full of woe.' O, play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

1 *Musician.* Not a dump we; 't is no time to play now.

Peter. You will not, then?

1 *Musician.* No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Musician.* What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith, but the gleek; I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Musician.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets; I 'll re you, I 'll fa you; do you note me?

1 *Musician.* An you re us and fa us, you note us.

2 *Musician.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit! I will drybeat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men:

'When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound' —

why 'silver sound'? why 'music with her silver sound'? — What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Musician.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty! — What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Musician.* I say 'silver sound,' because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too! — What say you, James Soundpost?

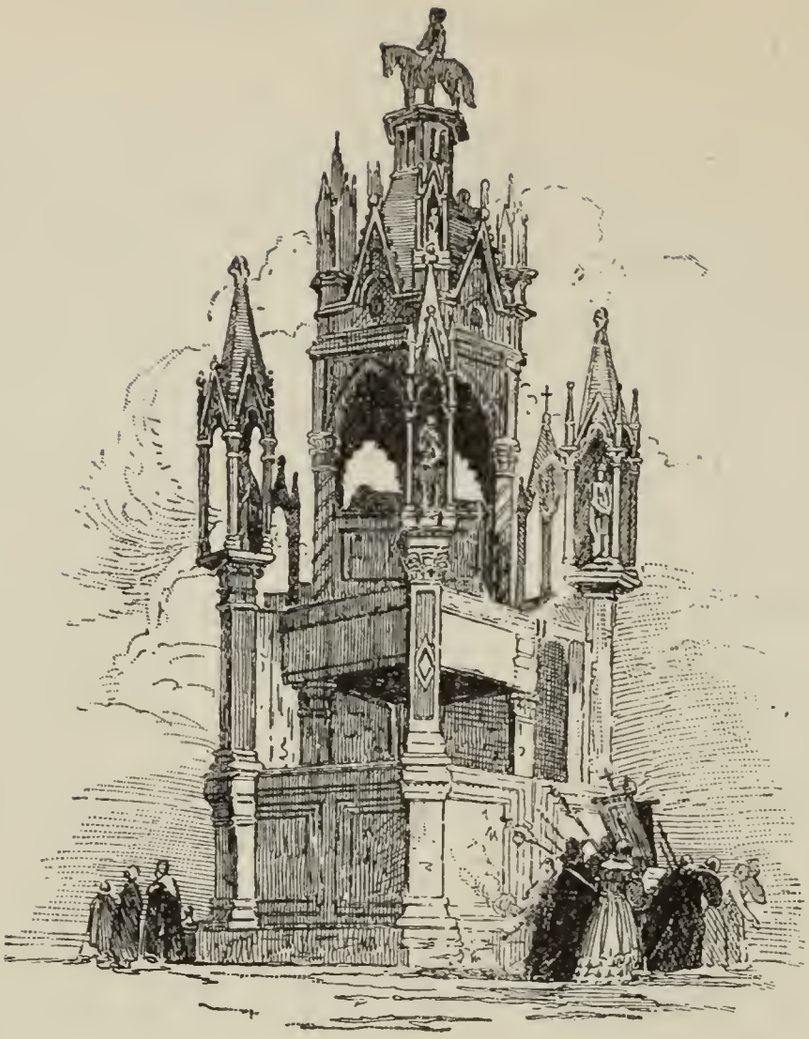
3 *Musician.* Faith, I know not what to say.

Peter. O, I cry you mercy, you are the singer; I will say for you. It is 'music with her silver sound,' because musicians have no gold for sounding.

'Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.' [*Exit.*

1 *Musician.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Musician.* Hang him, Jack! — Come, we 'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*



TOMB OF THE SCALIGERS, VERONA

ACT V

SCENE I. *Mantua. A Street*

Enter ROMEO

Romeo. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand.
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne,
And all this day an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead —
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think! —

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips
That I reviv'd and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!—

Enter BALTHASAR

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar!
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? that I ask again,
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Balthasar. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Romeo. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging; get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to-night.

Balthasar. I do beseech you, sir, have patience;
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Romeo. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Balthasar. No, my good lord.

Romeo. No matter; get thee gone
And hire those horses. I 'll be with thee straight. —
[*Exit Balthasar.*
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let 's see for means. — O mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary, —
And hereabouts he dwells, — which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me!
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut. —
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary

Apothecary. Who calls so loud?

Romeo. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor.
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apothecary. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Romeo. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Apothecary. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Romeo. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Apothecary. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Romeo. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murthers in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh. —
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Friar Laurence's Cell*

Enter Friar John

Friar John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence

Friar Laurence. This same should be the voice of Friar John. —
Welcome from Mantua; what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

Friar John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Friar Laurence. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

Friar John. I could not send it, — here it is again, —

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Friar Laurence. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import, and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

Friar John. Brother, I 'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Friar Laurence. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake.
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

Scene III. *A Churchyard; in it a Tomb belonging to the Capulets*

Enter Paris, *and his* Page *bearing flowers and a torch*

Paris. Give me thy torch, boy; hence, and stand aloof;
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,

Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it; whistle then to me
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. [*Aside*] I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard, yet I will adventure. [*Retires.*

Paris. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,
Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans;
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. —
[*The Page whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite?
What, with a torch! — muffle me, night, awhile.
[*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch, mattock, etc.*

Romeo. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light. Upon my life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death

Is partly to behold my lady's face,
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone;
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

Balthasar. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Romeo. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that.
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.

Balthasar. [*Aside*] For all this same, I 'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Retires.*

Romeo. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And, in despite, I 'll cram thee with more food!

[*Opens the tomb.*

Paris. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murther'd my love's cousin, — with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature died, —
And here is come to do some villanous shame
To the dead bodies; I will apprehend him. — [*Advances.*

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee.
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.
Romeo. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence, and leave me; think upon these gone,
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury; O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Paris. I do defy thy conjurations
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Romeo. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*
Page. O Lord, they fight! I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*
Paris. O, I am slain!—[*Falls.*] If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Romeo. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face.
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet;
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,

Friar Laurence. Who is it?
Balthasar. Romeo.
Friar Laurence. How long hath he been there?
Balthasar. Full half an hour.
Friar Laurence. Go with me to the vault.
Balthasar. I dare not, sir;
My master knows not but I am gone hence,
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.
Friar Laurence. Stay, then; I 'll go alone. — Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing!
Balthasar. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him. [*Exit.*
Friar Laurence. Romeo! — [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre? —
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace? —
[*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale! — Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? — Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance! —
The lady stirs. [*Juliet wakes.*
Juliet. O comfortable friar! where is my lord? —
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. — Where is my Romeo? [*Noise within.*

Friar Laurence. I hear some noise. — Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents. Come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead,
And Paris too. Come, I 'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet. [*Noise again.*] — I dare no longer stay.

Juliet. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away. — [*Exit Friar Laurence.*

What 's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.—
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? — I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm.

1 *Watch.* [*Within*] Lead, boy; which way?

Juliet. Yea, noise? then I 'll be brief. — O happy dagger! [*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*
This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rest, and let me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*

Enter Watch, *with the* Page *of* Paris

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find attach. —

[*Exeunt some.*

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried. —
Go, tell the prince; — run to the Capulets; —
Raise up the Montagues; — some others search. —

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Re-enter some of the Watch, *with* BALTHASAR

2 *Watch.* Here 's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety till the prince come hither.

Re-enter others of the Watch, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps.

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE *and* Attendants

Prince. What misadventure is so early up
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and others*

Capulet. What should it be that they so shriek abroad?

Lady Capulet. The people in the street cry Romeo,
Some Juliet, and some Paris, and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murther comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,
With instruments upon them fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Capulet. O heaven! — O wife, look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en, — for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague, —
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom!

Lady Capulet. O me! this sight of death is as a bell
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and others*

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Montague. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?
Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.
Montague. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?
Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience. —
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.
Friar Laurence. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murther;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself excus'd.
Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.
Friar Laurence. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife.
I married them; and their stolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city,

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betroth'd and would have married her perforce
To County Paris; then comes she to me,
And with wild looks bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion, which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death; meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stay'd by accident and yesternight
Return'd my letter back. Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo;
But when I came, some minute ere the time
Of her awaking, here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes, and I entreated her come forth
And bear this work of heaven with patience;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she too desperate would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrific'd some hour before his time
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man. —
Where 's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Balthasar. I brought my master news of Juliet's death,
And then in post he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter; I will look on it. —
Where is the county's page that rais'd the watch? —
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave
And bid me stand aloof, and so I did.
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die and lie with Juliet. —

Where be these enemies? — Capulet! — Montague!
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen; all are punish'd.
Capulet. O brother Montague, give me thy hand;
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.
Montague. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold,
That while Verona by that name is known
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
Capulet. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie,
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished;
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

THE NURSE AND PETER

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse ; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse ; and the normal form of this blank verse is illus-

trated by the second line of the prologue to the present play : "In fair Verona, where we lay our scene."

This line, it will be seen, consists of ten syllables, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd syllables (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, it is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows : —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line ; as in the 103d line of the first scene : "Here were the servants of your adversary." The rhythm is complete with the third syllable of *adversary*, the fourth being an extra eleventh syllable. In iv. 3. 27 and v. 3. 256 we have two extra syllables, — the last two of *Romeo* in both lines.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable ; as in line 3 of the prologue, "From ancient grudge break to new mutiny," where the accent is shifted from the sixth to the fifth syllable. See also i. 1. 92 : "Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate ; " where the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth ; and it is not allowable in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line ; as in line 7 of the prologue, where the second syllable of *piteous* is superfluous. In i. 1. 64 the third syllable of *Benvolio*, and in line 71 below the second syllable of *Capulets* and the second *the* are both superfluous.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse ; as, for instance, in lines 1, 3, and 7 of the prologue. In 1 the last syllable of *dignity*

and in 3 the last of *mutiny* are metrically equivalent to accented syllables. In 7 the same is true of the first syllable of *misadventur'd* and the third of *overthrows*. In iv. 2. 18 ("Of disobedient opposition") only two regular accents occur, but we have a metrical accent on the first syllable of *disobedient*, and on the first and the last syllables of *opposition*, which word has metrically five syllables. In *disobedient* there is an extra unaccented syllable.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm : —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable ; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, iii. 5. 29 ("Some say the lark makes sweet division") appears to have only nine syllables, but *division* is a quadrisyllable ; and so is *devotion* in iv. 1. 41 : "God shield I should disturb devotion!" *Marriage* is a trisyllable in iv. 1. 11, and also in v. 3, 241 ; and the same is true of *patience* in v. 1. 27, v. 3. 221 and 261. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *your*, etc. In iii. 1. 198: "Else, when he 's found, that hour is his last," *hour* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20: "And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so," where either *yours* (preferably the first) is a dissyllable, the other being a monosyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between the consonants; as in i. 4. 8: "After the prompter, at our entrance" [ent(e)rance]. See also *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fidd(e)ler]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv.

4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc. See also on ii. 4. 184 and iii. 1. 89 below.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *commandement* in *M. of V.* iv. 1. 442; *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance*, *horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess*, *sense*, *marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So *spirit*, *inter'gatories*, *unpleasant'st*, and other words mentioned in the notes on the plays.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* in the first scene of the *M. N. D.* (lines 6 and 158), *óbscure* and *obscúre*, *púrsue* and *pursúe*, *cóntrary* (see note on iii. 2. 64) and *contrárry*, *contráct* (see on ii. 2. 117) and *cóntract*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct*, *impórtune* (see on i. 1. 142), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance*, *rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there; as in the inscriptions on the caskets in *M. of V.*, and occasionally in this play. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See i. 1. 61, 69, 162, 163, 164, 198, etc.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere after 1597 or 1598. There is no instance of it in this play.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, and in *Rich. II.* about 500, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in the *Temp.* only two, and in the *W. T.* none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration. In the present play, out of about 2500 ten-syllable verses, nearly 500 are in rhyme.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In the *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays. Examples in this play are the prologue, the chorus at the beginning of act ii., and the last speech of act. v. See also passages in i. 2, i. 5, and v. 3.

Rhymed couplets or "rhyme-tags" are often found at the end of scenes; as in the first scene, and eleven other scenes, of the present play. In *Ham.* 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macb.* 21 out of 28, have such "tags"; but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. The *Temp.*, for instance, has but one, and the *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *star-cross'd*, line 6, and *misadventur'd*, line 7, of the prologue. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *moved*, line 85, of the first scene, where the word is a dissyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, *sue*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In this play we find scenes entirely in verse (none entirely in prose) and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what

is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of the *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way ; but in the *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Rich. II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of the *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter ; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. We have a similar change in the first scene of *J. C.*, where, after the quibbling "chaff" of the mechanics about their trades, the mention of Pompey reminds the Tribune of their plebeian fickleness, and his scorn and indignation flame out in most eloquent verse.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose ; in other words, his verse constantly

encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If in rare instances we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

Some Books for Teachers and Students. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *Romeo and Juliet* (1871; encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds., some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Phin's *Cyclopædia and Glossary of Shakespeare* (1902; more compact and cheaper than Dyce); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs,

and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (2d ed. 1903) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (enlarged ed. 1903) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

Abbreviations in the Notes. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.). Every teacher and every critical student should have it at hand for reference.

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus. As Malone suggests, this probably meant only that the prologue was to be spoken by the same actor that personated the chorus at the end of act i. The prologue is omitted in the folio, but we cannot doubt that it was written by S. It is in form a sonnet, of the pattern adopted in his *Sonnets*. See comments upon it, p. 22 above.

2. *Fair Verona.* The city is thus described in the opening lines of Brooke's poem:[1] —

"There is beyonde the Alps, a towne of auncient fame
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name:
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle:
Maynteined by the heauenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
The fruitefull hilles aboue, the pleasant vales belowe,
The siluer streame with chanell depe, that through the towne doth flow:
The store of springes that serue for vse, and eke for ease:
And other moe commodities, which profite may and please;
Eke many certaine signes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of those that curiously beholde:
Doe make this towne to be preferde aboue the rest
Of Lumbard townes, or at the least compared with the best."

6. *Star-cross'd.* For the astrological allusion, cf. i. 4. 104, v. 1. 24, and v. 3. 111 below. The title of one of Richard Braithwaite's works, published in 1615, is "Love's Labyrinth: or the True Lover's Knot, including the disastrous falls of two Star-crost lovers Pyramus and Thisbe."

8. *Doth.* The reading of the quartos, changed by most of the modern editors to "Do." Ulrici considers it the old third person plural in *-th*. He adds that S. mostly uses it only where it has the

[1] The entire poem is reprinted in the *Variorum* of 1821, in Collier's *Shakespeare's Library* (and Hazlitt's revised ed. of the same), in Halliwell-Phillipps's folio ed. of Shakespeare, and by the New Shakspere Society (edited by P. A. Daniel) in 1875. I have followed Daniel's ed.

force of the singular, namely, where the sense is collective, as in *overthrows* here. Cf. v. 1. 70 below.

12. *Two hours.* Cf. *Hen. VIII.* prol. 13: "may see away their shilling Richly in two short hours."

ACT I

SCENE I. — 1. *Carry coals.* "Endure affronts" (Johnson). According to Nares, the phrase got this meaning from the fact that the carriers of wood and coals were esteemed the very lowest of menials. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 49, where there is a play upon the expression. Steevens quotes Nash, *Have With You*, etc.: "We will bear no coles, I warrant you;" Marston, *Antonio and Mellida*, part ii.: "He has had wrongs; and if I were he I would bear no coles," etc. Dyce cites Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "*Il a du feu en la teste.* Hee is very chollericke, furious, or couragious; he will carrie no coales." He might have added from Sherwood's English-French supplement to Cotgrave (ed. 1632): "That will carrie no coales, *Brave.*"

3. *Colliers.* The preceding note explains how *colliers* came to be a term of abuse. The *New Eng. Dict.* adds that it may have been due to "the evil repute of the collier for cheating." Steevens compares *T. N.* iii. 4. 130: "hang him, foul collier!"

4. *Choler.* For the play upon the word, cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. 2: —

> "*Cash.* Why, how now, Cob? what moves thee to this cholar, ha?
> *Cob.* Collar, master Thomas? I scorn your collar, I sir; I am none of your cart-horse, though I carry and draw water."

15. *Take the wall.* Claim the right of passing next the wall when meeting a person on the street; a right valued in old-fashioned streets with narrow sidewalks or none at all. To *give the wall* was an act of courtesy; to *take the wall* might be an insult.

17. *The weakest goes to the wall.* A familiar proverb.

28. *Here comes two*, etc. Halliwell-Phillipps remarks that the partisans of the Montagues wore a token in their hats to distinguish them from the Capulets; hence throughout the play they are known at a distance. Cf. Gascoigne, *Devise of a Masque, written for Viscount Montacute*, 1575: —

> "And for a further proofe, he shewed in hys hat
> Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
> They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,
> For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene these two houses was."

39. *I will bite my thumb at them.* An insult explained by Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.* (ed. 1632): "*Nique, faire la nique*, to threaten or defie, by putting the thumbe naile into the mouth, and with a ierke (from th' upper teeth) make it to knocke."

44. *Of our side.* On our side (*on* = *of*, as often).

55. *Here comes one*, etc. "Gregory may mean Tybalt, who enters directly after Benvolio, but on a different part of the stage. The eyes of the servant may be directed the way he sees Tybalt coming, and in the mean time Benvolio enters on the opposite side" (Steevens).

60. *Swashing blow.* A dashing or smashing blow (Schmidt). Cf. Jonson, *Staple of News*, v. 1: "I do confess a swashing blow." Cf. also *swash* = bully, bluster; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 3. 122: "I 'll have a martial and a swashing outside."

63. *Art thou drawn?* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 308: "Why are you drawn?" *Heartless* = cowardly, spiritless; as in *R. of L.* 471, 1392.

69. *Have at thee.* Cf. iv. 5. 119 below; also *C. of E.* iii. 1. 51, etc.

70. *Clubs.* The cry of *Clubs!* in a street affray is of English origin, as the *bite my thumb* is of Italian. It was the rallying-cry of the London apprentices. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 53, *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 44, etc. *Bills* were the pikes or halberds formerly carried by the English infantry and afterwards by watchmen. The *partisan* was "a sharp two-edged sword placed on the summit of a staff for the

defence of foot-soldiers against cavalry" (Fairholt). Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 140: "Shall I strike at it with my partisan?"

71. *Enter* CAPULET *in his gown.* Cf. *Ham.* (quarto) iii. 4. 61: "*Enter the ghost in his night gowne;*" that is, his dressing-gown. See also *Macb.* ii. 2. 70: "Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us And show us to be watchers;" and *Id.* v. 1. 5: "I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her," etc. It is early morning, and Capulet comes out before he is dressed.

72. *Long sword.* The weapon used in active warfare; a lighter and shorter one being worn for ornament (see *A. W.* ii. 1. 32: "no sword worn But one to dance with"). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 236: "with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats."

73. *A crutch, a crutch!* The lady's sneer at her aged husband. For her own age, see on i. 3. 51 below.

75. *In spite.* In scornful defiance. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 158, *Cymb.* iv. 1. 16, etc.

79. *Neighbour-stained.* Because used in civil strife.

84. *Mistemper'd.* Tempered to an ill end (Schmidt). Steevens explains it as = angry. The word occurs again in *K. John*, v. 1. 12: "This inundation of mistemper'd humour."

85. *Moved.* That is, "mov'd to wrath" (*T. A.* i. 1. 419). Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 694, *J. C.* iv. 3. 58, etc.

89. *Ancient.* Not of necessity old in years, but long settled there and accustomed to peace and order (Delius).

90. *Grave beseeming.* Grave and becoming. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 79:—

> "for youth no less becomes
> The light and careless livery that it wears,
> Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
> Importing health and graveness."

92. *Canker'd with peace,* etc. *Canker'd* (= corroded) is applied literally to the partisans long disused, and figuratively to their owners. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 194: "A canker'd grandam's will."

99. *Freetown.* S. takes the name from Brooke's poem. It translates the *Villa Franca* of the Italian story.

101. S. uses *set abroach* only in a bad sense. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 14: "Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach;" and *Rich. III.* i. 3. 325: "The secret mischiefs that I set abroach."

109. *Nothing hurt withal.* Nowise harmed by it. *Who* = which; as often.

110. *While we*, etc. This line, with the change of *we* to *they*, is found in the 1st quarto in iii. 1, where Benvolio describes the brawl in which Mercutio and Tybalt are slain (Daniel).

113. *Saw you him to-day?* This use of the past tense is not allowable now, but was common in Elizabethan English. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 66: "I saw him not these many years," etc.

115. *The worshipp'd sun.* Cf. iii. 2. 25 below: "And pay no worship to the garish sun." See also *Lear*, i. 1. 111: "the sacred radiance of the sun;" and *Cymb.* iv. 4. 41: "the holy sun." It is remarkable that no German commentator has tried to make S. a Parsee.

116. *Forth.* Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 164: "Steal forth thy father's house," etc.

118. *Sycamore.* According to Beisly and Ellacombe, the *Acer pseudo-platanus*, which grows wild in Italy. It had been introduced into England before the time of S. He mentions it also in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 89 and *Oth.* iv. 3. 41.

119. *Rooteth.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 1. 25: "there rooted betwixt them such an affection," etc.

121. *Ware.* Aware; but not to be printed as a contraction of that word. Cf. ii. 2. 103 below.

123. *Affections.* Feelings, inclinations. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 170: "Love! his affections do not that way tend," etc.

124. *Which then*, etc. "The plain meaning seems to be that Benvolio, like Romeo, was indisposed for society, and sought to be most where most people were not to be found, being one too many,

even when by himself" (Collier). Some editors follow Pope in reading (from 1st quarto) "That most are busied when they're most alone."

127. *Who.* Him who ; the antecedent omitted, as often when it is easily supplied.

131. *All so soon.* *All* is often used in this "intensive" way.

134. *Heavy.* S. is fond of playing on *heavy* and *light.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1574, *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 84, *M. of V.* v. 1. 130, etc.

142. *Importun'd.* Accented on the second syllable, as regularly in S.

148. *With.* By ; as often of the agent or cause.

150. *Sun.* The early eds. all have "same." The emendation is due to Theobald and is almost universally adopted.

156. *To hear.* *As* to hear ; a common ellipsis.

157. *Is the day so young?* Is it not yet noon ? *Good morrow* or *good day* was considered proper only before noon, after which *good den* was the usual salutation. Cf. i. 2. 57 below.

158. *New.* Often used by S. in this adverbial way = just, lately. Cf. v. 3. 197 below. For *Ay me !* see on ii. 1. 10.

166. *In his view.* In appearance ; opposed to *proof* = experience. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 179 : "What my love is, proof hath made you know," etc.

168. *Alas, that love, whose view,* etc. Alas "that love, though blindfolded, should see how to reach the lover's heart" (Dowden). *View* here = sight, or eyes.

172. *Here's much,* etc. Romeo means that the fray has much to do with the hate between the rival houses, yet affects him more, inasmuch as his Rosaline is of the Capulet family.

173–178. *O brawling love !* etc. Cf. iii. 2. 73 fol. below.

187. *Rais'd.* The reading of the 1st quarto, adopted by the majority of editors. The other early eds. have "made."

188. *Purg'd.* That is, from smoke.

191. *A choking gall,* etc. That is, "love kills and keeps alive, is a bane and an antidote" (Dowden).

195. *Some other where.* Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 30: "How if your husband start some other where?"

196. *Sadness.* Seriousness. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 230: "In good sadness, I do not know," etc. So *sadly* just below = seriously, as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 229.

203. *Mark-man.* The 3d and 4th folios have "marks-man." S. uses the word nowhere else.

206. *Dian's wit.* Her way of thinking, her sentiments. S. has many allusions to Diana's chastity, and also to her connection with the moon.

207. *Proof.* Used technically of armour. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73: "Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 512: "Mars's armour forg'd for proof eterne," etc.

209. *The siege*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 423: —

> "Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
> To love's alarm it will not ope the gate."

See also *R. of L.* 221, *A. W.* iii. 7. 18, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 137, etc.

213. *That when she dies*, etc. "*She is rich in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty" (Johnson); or, as Mason puts it, "she is poor because she leaves no part of her store behind her." *Her store* may mean "beauty's store," as Dowden suggests. Cf. *V. and A.* 1019: "For he, being dead, with him is beauty slain."

215. *In that sparing makes huge waste.* Cf. *Sonn.* 1. 12: "And, tender churl, makes waste in niggarding."

216. *Starv'd.* The early eds. (except the 4th folio) have "sterv'd," the old form of the word, found in several other passages in the folio (*M. of V.* iv. 1. 138; *Cor.* iv. 2. 51, etc.) and rhyming with *deserve* in *Cor.* ii. 3. 120. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 1. 4: —

> "Untill such time as noble Britomart
> Released her, that else was like to sterve
> Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerve."

There it means to die (its original sense), as in *Hen. VII.* v. 3. 132.

226. *To call hers, exquisite.* "That is, to call hers, which is exquisite, the more into my remembrance and contemplation" (Heath); or "to make her unparalleled beauty more the subject of thought and conversation" (Malone). For *question* = conversation, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 39, v. 4. 167, etc. But why may not *question* repeat the idea of *examine?* Benvolio says, "Examine other beauties;" Romeo replies, in substance, that the result of the examination will only be to prove her beauty superior to theirs and therefore the more extraordinary.

227. *These happy masks.* Steevens took this to refer to "the masks worn by female spectators of the play;" but it is probably = the masks worn nowadays. They are called *happy* as "being privileged to touch the sweet countenances beneath" (Clarke).

229. *Strucken.* The early eds. have "strucken" or "strooken." S. also uses *struck* (or *strook*) and *stricken* as the participle.

231. *Passing.* Often used adverbially but only before adjectives and adverbs. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 103, *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 84, etc.

235. *Pay that doctrine.* Give that instruction. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 350: "From women's eyes this doctrine I derive;" *A. and C.* v. 2. 31: —

> "I hourly learn
> A doctrine of obedience," etc.

Scene II. — 4. *Reckoning.* Estimation, reputation.

9. *Fourteen years.* In Brooke's poem her father says, "Scarce saw she yet full xvi. yeres;" and in Paynter's novel "as yet shee is not attayned to the age of xviii. yeares."

13. *Made.* The 1st quarto has "maried," which is followed by some editors. The antithesis of *make* and *mar* is a very common one in S. Cf. ii. 4. 110 below: "that God hath made for himself to mar." See also *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 191, *M. N. D.* i. 2. 39, *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 34, *T. of S.* iv. 3. 97, *Macb.* ii. 3. 36, *Oth.* v. 1. 4, etc. On the other hand, examples of the opposition of *married* and *marred*

are not uncommon in Elizabethan writers. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 315: "A young man married is a man that 's marr'd."

14. *All my hopes but she.* Capulet seems to imply here that he has lost some children; but cf. iii. 5. 163 below.

15. *My earth.* My world or my life; rather than my lands, my landed property, as some explain it. It was apparently suggested by the *earth* of the preceding line.

17. *My will*, etc. My will is subordinate to her consent. The old man talks very differently in iii. 5 below.

25. *Dark heaven.* The darkness of night. Cf. i. 5. 47 below.

26. *Young men.* Malone compares *Sonn.* 98. 2: —

> "When proud-pied April dress'd in all his trim
> Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing."

29. *Female.* The quartos (except the 1st) and 1st folio have the curious misprint "fennell."

30. *Inherit.* Possess; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 154, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 83, *Cymb.* iii. 2. 63, etc.

32. *Which on more view*, etc. A perplexing line for which many emendations have been suggested. With the reading in the text the meaning seems to be: *which one* (referring to *her of most merit*), after your further inspection of the many, my daughter (who is one of the number) may prove to be, — one in number, though one is no number. The quibble at the end alludes to the old proverb that "one is no number." Cf. *Sonn.* 136. 8: "Among a number one is reckon'd none." Dowden points thus: "Which on more view of, many — mine being one — May," etc., and explains thus: "On more view of whom (that is, the lady of most merit), many (other ladies) — and my daughter among them — may stand in a count of heads, but in estimation (*reckoning*, with a play on the word) none can hold a place." The general sense of the passage is clear, whatever reading or analysis we adopt. Capulet says in substance: Come to my house to-night, and decide whom you like best of the beauties gathered there; if Juliet

be the one, well and good. He has already told Paris that she shall be his if he can gain her love, but discreetly suggests that he look more carefully at the "fresh female buds" of Verona before plucking one to wear on his heart.

36. *Written there.* Cf. Brooke's poem: —

> "No Lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne:
> No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne:
> But Capilet himselfe hath byd vnto his feast:
> Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast."

46. *One fire*, etc. Alluding to the old proverb that "fire drives out fire." Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 171: "As fire drives out fire, so pity pity;" *Cor.* iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail," etc.

48. *Holp.* Used by S. oftener than *helped*, for both the past tense and the participle.

49. *Cures with.* Is cured by. S. does not elsewhere use *cure* intransitively. *Languish* occurs again as a noun in *A. and C.* v. 2. 42: "That rids our dogs of languish." On the passage cf. Brooke: —

> "Ere long the townishe dames together will resort:
> Some one of bewty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte:
> With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde:
> That thou shalt quite forget thy loue, and passions past of olde.
> * * * * * * * *
> The proverbe saith vnminded oft are they that are vnseene.
> And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive:
> So novell love out of the minde the auncient loue doth rive."

52. *Your plantain-leaf.* The common plantain (*Plantago major*), which still holds a place in the domestic *materia medica*. For its use in healing bruises, cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 74: —

> "*Moth.* A wonder, master! here's a costard broken in a shin.
> * * * * * * * *
> *Costard.* O sir, plantain, a plain plantain! . . . no salve, sir, but a plantain!"

Steevens quotes *Albumazar:* "Bring a fresh plantain leaf, I 've broke my shin." *A broken shin*, like a *broken head* (*M. W.* i. 125, *T. N.* v. 1. 178, etc.) is one that is bruised, so that the blood runs, not one that is fractured. The plantain was supposed to have other virtues. Halliwell-Phillipps quotes Withals, *Little Dictionarie for Children*, 1586 : "The tode being smitten of the spyder in fighte, and made to swell with hir poyson, recovereth himselfe with plantaine."

55. *Not mad, but bound*, etc. An allusion to the old-time treatment of the insane. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 97 : "They must be bound and laid in some dark room ; " and *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 420 : "Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do."

57. *Good-den.* Printed "godden" and "gooden" in the early eds., and a corruption of *good e'en*, or *good evening*. *God gi' good-den* in the next line is printed "Godgigoden" in the quartos and first three folios, "God gi' Good-e'en" in the 4th folio. This salutation was used as soon as noon was past. See on i. 1. 157 above, and cf. ii. 4. 105 fol. below.

64. *Rest you merry!* For the full form, *God rest you merry!* (= God keep you merry), cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 1. 65, etc. It was a common form of salutation at meeting, and oftener at parting. Here the servant is about to leave, thinking that Romeo is merely jesting with him. Cf. 79 below.

66–69. *Signior Martino*, etc. Probably meant to be prose, but some editors make bad verse of it.

69. *Mercutio.* Mercutio here figures among the invited guests, although we find him always associating with the young men of the Montague family. He is the prince's "kinsman," and apparently on terms of acquaintance with both the rival houses, though more intimate with the Montagues than with the Capulets.

71. *Rosaline.* This shows that Rosaline is a Capulet.

74. *Up.* Dowden plausibly prints "Up —," assuming that "Romeo eagerly interrupts the servant, who would have said 'Up to our house.'"

82. *Crush a cup*, etc. A common expression in the old plays. We still say "crack a bottle."

87. *Unattainted.* Unprejudiced, impartial; used by S. only here.

91. *Fires.* The early eds. have "fire," which White retains as an admissible rhyme in Shakespeare's day.

92. *Who often drown'd*, etc. Alluding to the old notion that if a witch were thrown into the water she would not sink. King James, in his *Dæmonology*, says: "It appeares that God hath appointed for a supernatural signe of the monstrous impietie of witches, that the water shall refuse to receive them in her bosom that have shaken off them the sacred water of baptism, and wilfully refused the benefit thereof."

98. *That crystal scales.* The reading of the early eds., changed by some to "those," etc.; but *scales* may be used for the entire machine. Dyce says it was often so used by writers of the time.

99. *Lady's love.* Some substitute "lady-love," which S. does not use elsewhere. Clarke suggests that *your lady's love* may mean "the little love Rosaline bears you," weighed against that of some possible *maid.*

101. *Scant.* Not elsewhere used adverbially by S. *Scantly* occurs only in *A. and C.* iii. 4. 6.

Scene III. — 1. On the character of the Nurse Mrs. Jameson says: —

"She is drawn with the most wonderful power and discrimination. In the prosaic homeliness of the outline, and the magical illusion of the colouring, she reminds us of some of the marvellous Dutch paintings, from which, with all their coarseness, we start back as from a reality. Her low humour, her shallow garrulity, mixed with the dotage and petulance of age — her subserviency, her secrecy, and her total want of elevated principle, or even common honesty — are brought before us like a living and palpable truth. . . .

"Among these harsh and inferior spirits is Juliet placed; her haughty parents, and her plebeian nurse, not only throw into beautiful relief her own native softness and elegance, but are at once the cause and the excuse of her subsequent conduct. She trembles before her stern mother and her violent father, but, like a petted child, alternately cajoles and commands her nurse. It is her old foster-mother who is the confidante of her love. It is the woman who cherished her infancy who aids and abets her in her clandestine marriage. Do we not perceive how immediately our impression of Juliet's character would have been lowered, if Shakespeare had placed her in connection with any commonplace dramatic waiting-woman? — even with Portia's adroit Nerissa, or Desdemona's Emilia? By giving her the Nurse for her confidante, the sweetness and dignity of Juliet's character are preserved inviolate to the fancy, even in the midst of all the romance and wilfulness of passion."

Cf. Coleridge: "The character of the Nurse is the nearest of anything in Shakspeare to a direct borrowing from mere observation; and the reason is, that as in infancy and childhood the individual in nature is a representative of a class — just as in describing one larch-tree, you generalize a grove of them — so it is nearly as much so in old age. The generalization is done to the poet's hand. Here you have the garrulity of age strengthened by the feelings of a long-trusted servant, whose sympathy with the mother's affections gives her privileges and rank in the household; and observe the mode of connection by accidents of time and place, and the child-like fondness of repetition in a second childhood, and also that happy, humble ducking under, yet constant resurgence against, the check of her superiors!"

2. *Maidenhead.* Etymologically the same word as *maidenhood.* So *lustihead* = lustihood, *livelihead* = livelihood (as in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 2. 2: "for porcion of thy livelyhed"), etc. Cf. *Godhead,* etc.

4. *God forbid!* Staunton suggests that the Nurse uses *lady-bird*

as a term of endearment; but, recollecting its application to a woman of loose life, checks herself — *God forbid* her darling should prove such a one! Dyce explains it: "God forbid that any accident should keep her away!" This seems to me more probable.

7. *Give leave awhile.* Leave us alone; a courteous form of dismissal. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 1: "Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;" *M. W.* ii. 2. 165: "Give us leave, drawer," etc.

9. *I have remember'd me.* For the reflexive use, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 468: "and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff," etc.

Thou 's. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 246. The early eds. have "thou 'se"; most modern ones substitute "thou shalt."

12. *Lay.* Wager. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 310, *T. and C.* iii. 1. 95, etc.

13. *Teen.* Sorrow; used here for the play on *fourteen.* Cf. *V. and A.* 808: "My face is full of shame, my heart of teen;" *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "the teen I have turn'd you to;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 164: "Of sighs and groans, of sorrow and of teen," etc.

15. *Lammas-tide.* The 1st of August. *Tide* = time, as in *eventide, springtide*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 86: —

> "What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
> That it in golden letters should be set
> Among the high tides in the calendar?"

See also the play upon the word in *T. of A.* i. 2. 57: "Flow this way! A brave fellow! he keeps his tides well."

23. *The earthquake.* Tyrwhitt suggested that this may refer to the earthquake felt in England on the 6th of April, 1580. Malone notes that if the earthquake happened on the day when Juliet was *weaned* (presumably when she was a year old), she could not well be more than *twelve* years old now; but the Nurse makes her almost *fourteen* — as her father (i. 2. 9) and her mother (i. 3. 12) also do.

26. *Wormwood.* Halliwell-Phillipps cites Cawdray, *Treasurie or Storehouse of Similies*, 1600: "if the mother put worme-wood or mustard upon the breast, the child sucking it, and feeling the bitternesse, he quite forsaketh it, without sucking any more," etc.

27. *Sitting in the sun*, etc. Cf. Dame Quickly's circumstantial reminiscences, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 93 fol.: "Thou didst swear to me," etc.

29. *Bear a brain.* Have a brain, that is, a good memory.

31. *Pretty fool.* On *fool* as a term of endearment or pity, cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 22, *Lear*, v. 2. 308, etc.

32. *Tetchy.* Touchy, fretful. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 168: "Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy."

33. *Shake, quoth the dove-house.* The dove-house shook. It refers of course to the effects of the earthquake. Daniel (in Dowden's ed.) quotes Peele, *Old Wives' Tale:* "Bounce, quoth the guns;" and Heywood, *Fair Maid of the West:* "Rouse, quoth the ship."

36. *By the rood.* That is, by the cross; as in *Ham.* iii. 4. 14, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 77, etc. For *alone* the 1st and 2d quartos have "high-lone," which Herford, Dowden, and some others adopt. "It is an alteration of *alone*, of obscure origin" (*New Eng. Dict.*) found in Marston, Middleton, and other writers of the time. In George Washington's *Diary* (1760) it is used of mares. According to the description here, Juliet could not have been much more than a year old at the time. See on 23 above.

38. *Mark.* Appoint, elect. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 125: "To this your son is mark'd, and die he must."

40. *To see thee married once.* Once see thee married.

51. *Much upon these years.* Nearly at the same age. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 1. 17: "much upon this time;" *Rich. III.* v. 3. 70: "Much about cock-shut time," etc. As Juliet is fourteen, Lady Capulet would be about twenty-eight, while her husband, having done masking for some thirty years (see i. 5. 35 fol.), must be at least sixty. See also on v. 3. 207 below.

55. *A man of wax.* "As pretty as if he had been modelled in wax" (Schmidt). Steevens quotes *Wily Beguiled:* "Why, he's a man as one should picture him in wax." White adds from Lyly, *Euphues and his England:* "so exquisite that for shape he must be

framed in wax," and refers to iii. 3. 126 below. Dyce cites *Faire Em* : —

> "A sweet face, an exceeding daintie hand:
> A body, were it framed of wax
> By all the cunning artists of the world,
> It could not better be proportioned."

60. *Read o'er the volume*, etc. Here one quibble leads to another by the power of association. "The *volume* of young Paris's face suggests the *beauty's pen*, which hath *writ* there. Then the obscurities of the fair volume are written in *the margin of his eyes* as comments of ancient books are always printed in the margin. Lastly, this *book of love* lacks a *cover*; the *golden story* must be locked with *golden clasps*" (Knight).

62. *Married.* The reading of 2d quarto; the other early eds. have "severall," which some editors adopt. *Married* = "closely joined, and hence concordant, harmonious" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 100: "The unity and married calm of states;" and *Sonn.* 8. 6: —

> "If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
> By unions married, do offend thine ear."

See also Milton, *L'All.* 137: "Married to immortal verse."

65. *Margent.* Malone quotes *R. of L.* 102: —

> "But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes
> Could pick no meaning from their parting looks,
> Nor read the subtle shining secrecies
> Writ in the glassy margent of such books."

See also *Ham.* v. 2. 162.

67. *Cover.* "A quibble on the law phrase for a married woman, who is styled a *femme couverte* [*feme covert*] in law French" (Mason).

68. *Lives in the sea.* Is not yet caught. The bride has not yet been won. Farmer thought it an allusion to fish-skin as used for binding books.

70. *Many's.* Cf. *Sonn.* 93. 7: "In many's looks," etc.

74. *Like of.* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband, if you like of me.

76. *Endart.* Not elsewhere used by S. and perhaps of his own coining.

80. *Cursed.* Because she is not at hand to help. *In extremity* = at a desperate pass. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 3, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 5, etc.

83. *County.* Count; as often in this play. See also *M. of V.* i. 2. 49, *A. W.* iii. 7. 22, etc.

SCENE IV. — Mercutio is thus described in Brooke's poem: —

"At thone syde of her chayre, her lover Romeo:
And on the other side there sat one cald Mercutio.
A courtier that eche where was highly had in pryce:
For he was coorteous of his speche, and pleasant of devise.
Euen as a Lyon would emong the lambes be bolde:
Such was emong the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceasd [seized] fayre Juliets snowish hand:
A gyft he had that nature gaue him in his swathing band.
That frosen mountayne yse was neuer halfe so cold
As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he dyd them holde."

In Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* he is spoken of as "an other Gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlyke Gentleman, very well beloued of all men, and by reason of his pleasaunt and curteous behauior was in euery company wel intertayned." His "audacity among Maydens" and his cold hands are also mentioned.

1. *This speech.* Furness would read "the speech"; but, as the scene opens in the midst of the conversation, S. may have meant to imply that some one in the company has suggested an introductory speech. See the following note.

3. *The date is out*, etc. That is, such tediousness is now out of fashion. Steevens remarks: "In *Henry VIII.* where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey [i. 4] he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a

messenger before to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions was always prefaced by some speech in praise of the beauty of the ladies or the generosity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of such introductions I believe Romeo is made to allude. So in *Histriomastix*, 1610, a man expresses his wonder that the maskers enter without any compliment: 'What, come they in so blunt, without device?' In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this custom preserved. Of the same kind of masquerading see a specimen in *T. of A.* [i. 2], where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a speech." Collier compares *L. L. L.* v. 2. 158 fol.

5. *Bow of lath.* The Tartar bows resembled in form the old Roman or Cupid's bow, such as we see on medals and bas-reliefs; while the English bow had the shape of the segment of a circle.

6. *Crow-keeper.* Originally a boy stationed in a field to drive the birds away (as in *Lear*, iv. 6. 88: "That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper"); afterwards applied, as here, to what we call a *scarecrow.* The latter was often a stuffed figure with a bow in his hand.

7, 8. These lines are found only in the 1st quarto, and were first inserted in the text by Pope. White believes that they were purposely omitted, but only on account of their disparagement of the prologue-speakers on the stage. Prologues and epilogues were often prepared, not by the author of the play, but by some other person; and this was probably the case with some of the prologues and epilogues in S. *Faintly* = "in a weak mechanical way" (Ulrici). *Entrance* is a trisyllable, as in *Macb.* i. 5. 40.

10. *A measure.* A formal courtly dance. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "as a measure, full of state and ancientry;" and for the play on the word, *Id.* ii. 1. 74, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 384, and *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 7.

11. *A torch.* Maskers were regularly attended by torch-bearers.

The commentators quote illustrations of this from other authors, but do not refer to *M. of V.* ii. 4. 5: "We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers;" and 21 just below: —

> "Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?
> I am provided of a torch-bearre."

See also *Id.* ii. 6. 40 fol. For the contemptuous use of *ambling*, see *Ham.* iii. 1. 151, 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60, etc.

12. *The light.* For the poet's frequent playing on the different senses of *light*, see on i. 1. 134 above. Cf. ii. 2. 105 below.

15. *Soul.* For the play on the word, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 4. 68, iv. 1. 123, and *J. C.* i. 1. 15.

19. *Enpierced.* Used by S. nowhere else.

20. *Bound.* For the quibble, Steevens compares Milton, *P. L.* iv. 180: —

> "in contempt
> At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
> Of hill or highest wall," etc.

29. *Give me a case.* Perhaps Mercutio thinks he will wear a mask, and then changes his mind. Littledale suggests pointing "visage in!" It is possible, however, that lines 30–32 refer to a mask that is handed to him, and which he decides to wear, though it is an ugly one. On the whole, I prefer this explanation.

31. *Quote.* Note, observe. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 112: —

> "I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
> I had not quoted him."

32. *Beetle-brows.* Prominent or overhanging brows. Cf. the verb *beetle* in *Ham.* i. 4. 71.

36. *Rushes.* Before the introduction of carpets floors were strewn with rushes. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 214: "on the wanton rushes lay you down;" *Cymb.* ii. 2. 13: —

> "Our Tarquin thus
> Did softly press the rushes," etc.

See also *R. of L.* 318, *T. of S.* iv. 1. 48, and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 1. The stage was likewise strewn with rushes. Steevens quotes Dekker, *Guls Hornbook:* "on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce."

37. *I am proverb'd*, etc. The old proverb fits my case, etc. *To hold the candle* is a very common phrase for being *an idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbs is "A good candle-holder proves a good gamester" (Steevens).

39. *The game*, etc. An old proverbial saying advises to give over when the game is at the fairest; and Romeo also alludes to this.

40. *Dun 's the mouse.* Apparently = keep still; but no one has satisfactorily explained the origin of the phrase. Malone quotes *Patient Grissel*, 1603: "yet don is the mouse, lie still;" and Steevens adds *The Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: "Why then 'tis done, and dun 's the mouse and undone all the courtiers."

41. *If thou art Dun*, etc. Douce quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 16936:

> "Ther gan our hoste for to jape and play,
> And sayde, 'sires, what? Dun is in the myre.'"

Gifford explains the expression thus: "*Dun in the mire* is a Christmas gambol, at which I have often played. A log of wood is brought into the midst of the room: this is *Dun* (the cart-horse), and a cry is raised that he is *stuck in the mire*. Two of the company advance, either with or without ropes, to draw him out. After repeated attempts, they find themselves unable to do it, and call for more assistance. The game continues till all the company take part in it, when Dun is extricated of course; and the merriment arises from the awkward and affected efforts of the rustics to lift the log, and from sundry arch contrivances to let the ends of it fall on one another's toes. This will not be thought a very exquisite amusement; and yet I have seen much honest mirth at it." Halliwell-Phillipps quotes *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "I see I 'm born still to draw dun out o' th' mire for you; that wise beast will I be;" and

Butler, *Remains:* "they meant to leave reformation, like Dun in the mire."

42. *Sir-reverence.* A contraction of "save reverence" (*salva reverentia*), used as an apology for saying what might be deemed improper. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 93: "such a one as a man may not speak of without he say 'Sir-reverence.'" Taylor the Water-Poet says in one of his epigrams: —

> "If to a foule discourse thou hast pretence,
> Before thy foule words name sir-reverence,
> Thy beastly tale most pleasantly will slip,
> And gaine thee praise, when thou deserv'st a whip."

Here "Mercutio says he will draw Romeo from the *mire of this love*, and uses parenthetically the ordinary form of apology for speaking so profanely of love" (Knight). For the full phrase, see *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 32, *M. of V.* ii. 2. 27, 139, etc.

43. *Burn daylight.* "A proverbial expression used when candles are lighted in the daytime" (Steevens); hence applied to superfluous actions in general. Here it is = waste time, as the context shows. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 54, where it has the same meaning.

45. *We waste*, etc. The quartos have "We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day;" the folios, "We wast our lights in vaine, lights, by day." The emendation is Capell's. Daniel and Dowden read, "light lights by day," which is very plausible.

47. *Five wits.* Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 66: "four of his five wits went halting off;" *Sonn.* 141. 9: "But my five wits nor my five senses." Here the *five wits* are distinguished from the *five senses;* but the two expressions were sometimes used interchangeably. The *five wits*, on the other hand, were defined as "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation (judgment), and memory."

50. *To-night.* That is, last night, as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 171: "I have dreamed to-night;" *W. T.* ii. 3. 10: "He took good rest to-night," etc. See also ii. 4. 2 below.

53. *Queen Mab.* No earlier instance of *Mab* as the name of the

fairy-queen has been discovered, but S. no doubt learned it from the folk-lore of his own time. Its derivation is uncertain.

54. *The fairies' midwife.* Not midwife *to* the fairies, but the fairy whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain* (Steevens). T. Warton believes she was so called because she steals new-born infants, and leaves "changelings" (see *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 23, etc.) in their place.

55. *No bigger*, etc. That is, no bigger than the figures cut in such an agate. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 65: "If low, an agate very vilely cut." Rings were sometimes worn on the *thumb*. Steevens quotes Glapthorne, *Wit in a Constable*, 1639: "and an alderman as I may say to you, he has no more wit than the rest o' the bench; and that lies in his thumb-ring."

57. *Atomies.* Atoms, or creatures as minute as atoms. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 245: "to count atomies;" and *Id.* iii. 5. 13: "Who shut their coward gates on atomies." In 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 33, Mrs. Quickly confounds the word with *anatomy*. S. uses it only in these four passages, *atom* not at all.

59. *Spinners.* Long-legged spiders, mentioned also in *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 21: "Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!"

65. *Worm.* Nares says, under *idle worms:* "Worms bred in idleness. It was supposed, and the notion was probably encouraged for the sake of promoting industry, that when maids were idle, worms bred in their fingers;" and he cites Beaumont and Fletcher, *Woman Hater*, iii. 1:—

> "Keep thy hands in thy muff and warm the idle
> Worms in thy fingers' ends."

67–69. *Her chariot . . . coachmakers.* Daniel puts these lines before 59. Lettsom says: "It is preposterous to speak of the parts of a chariot (such as the waggon-spokes and cover) before mentioning the chariot itself." But *chariot* here, as the description

shows, means only the *body* of the vehicle, and is therefore one of the "parts."

76. *Sweetmeats.* That is, kissing-comfits. These artificial aids to perfume the breath are mentioned by Falstaff, in *M. W.* v. 5. 22.

77. *A courtier's nose.* As this is a repetition, Pope substituted "lawyer's" (from 1st quarto), but this would also be a repetition. Other suggestions are "tailor's" and "counsellor's;" but the carelessness of the description is in perfect keeping with the character. See the comments on the speech p. 290 below.

79. *Sometime.* Used by S. interchangeably with *sometimes.*

84. *Ambuscadoes.* Ambuscades; used by S. only here. The *Spanish blades* of Toledo were famous for their quality.

85. *Healths*, etc. Malone quotes *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "troth, sir, my master and sir Goslin are guzzling; they are dabbling together fathom deep. The knight has drunk so much health to the gentleman yonder, upon his knees, that he hath almost lost the use of his legs." Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 57: —

> "Fill the cup, and let it come;
> I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."

89. *Plats the manes*, etc. "This alludes to a very singular superstition not yet forgotten in some parts of the country. It was believed that certain malignant spirits, whose delight was to wander in groves and pleasant places, assumed occasionally the likeness of women clothed in white; that in this character they sometimes haunted stables in the night-time, carrying in their hands tapers of wax, which they dropped on the horses' manes, thereby plaiting them in inextricable knots, to the great annoyance of the poor animals and vexation of their masters. These hags are mentioned in the works of William of Auvergne, bishop of Paris in the 13th century" (Douce).

90. *Elf-locks.* Hair matted or clotted, either from neglect or from the disease known as the *Plica Polonica.* Cf. *Lear*, ii. 3. 10:

"elf all my hair in knots;" and Lodge, *Wit's Miserie*, 1596: "His haires are curld and full of elves locks."

91. *Which*, etc. The real subject of *bodes* is *which once untangled* = the untangling of which.

97. *Who*. For *which*, as often; but here, perhaps, on account of the personification. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 22: —

"the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top."

103. *My mind misgives*, etc. One of many illustrations of Shakespeare's fondness for presentiments. Cf. ii. 2. 116, iii. 5. 53, 57, etc., below. See also 50 above.

105. *Date*. Period, duration; as often in S. Cf. *R. of L.* 935: "To endless date of never-ending woes;" *Sonn.* 18. 4: "And summer's lease hath all too short a date;" *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 373: "With league whose date till death shall never end," etc.

106. *Expire*. The only instance of the transitive use in S. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 1. 54: "Till time the tryall of her truth expyred."

107. *Clos'd*. Enclosed, shut up. Cf. v. 2. 30 below: "clos'd in a dead man's tomb." See also *R. of L.* 761, *Macb.* iii. 1. 99, etc.

111. In the early eds. the stage-direction is "*They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with* [or *with their*] *Napkins.*" This shows that the scene was supposed to be immediately changed to the hall of Capulet's house.

SCENE V. — 2. *Shift a trencher*. "Trenchers [wooden plates] were still used by persons of good fashion in our author's time. In the *Household Book of the Earls of Northumberland*, compiled at the beginning of the same century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the first nobility" (Percy). To *shift a trencher* was a technical term. For *scrape a trencher*, cf. *Temp.* ii. 2. 187: "Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish."

7. *Joint-stools*. A kind of folding-chair. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 418, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 269, etc.

8. *Court-cupboard.* Sideboard. Steevens quotes Chapman, *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606 : "Here shall stand my court-cupboard with its furniture of plate ; " and his *May-Day*, 1611 : "Court-cupboards planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," etc. Cotgrave defines *dressoir* as "a court-cupboord (without box or drawer), onely to set plate on."

Good thou. For this vocative use of *good*, cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 3, 16. 20, *C. of E.* iv. 4. 22, etc.

9. *Marchpane.* A kind of almond-cake, much esteemed in the time of S. Nares gives the following from one of the old English receipt-books, *Delightes for Ladies*, 1608 : " *To make a marchpane.* — Take two poundes of almonds being blanched, and dryed in a sieve over the fire, beate them in a stone mortar, and when they be small mix them with two pounde of sugar beeing finely beaten, adding two or three spoonefuls of rosewater, and that will keep your almonds from oiling : when your paste is beaten fine, drive it thin with a rowling pin, and so lay it on a bottom of wafers, then raise up a little edge on the side, and so bake it, then yce it with rosewater and sugar, then put it in the oven againe, and when you see your yce is risen up and drie, then take it out of the oven and garnish it with pretie conceipts, as birdes and beasts being cast out of standing moldes. Sticke long comfits upright in it, cast bisket and carrowaies in it, and so serve it ; guild it before you serve it : you may also print of this *marchpane* paste in your molds for banqueting dishes. And of this paste our comfit makers at this day make their letters, knots, armes, escutcheons, beasts, birds, and other fancies." Castles and other figures were often made of marchpane, to decorate splendid desserts, and were demolished by shooting or throwing sugar-plums at them. Cf. Beaumont and Fletcher, *Faithful Friends*, iii. 2 : —

> " They barr'd their gates,
> Which we as easily tore unto the earth
> As I this tower of marchpane."

16. *Cheerly.* Cheerily, briskly. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 6, 29, etc.

16. *The longer liver take all.* A proverbial expression.

18. *Toes.* Pope thought it necessary to change this to "feet." Malone remarks that the word "undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakespeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day." We smile at this when we recollect some of the words that were endured then; but it shows how fashions change in these matters.

21. *Deny.* Refuse. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 228: "If you deny to dance;" *T. of S.* ii. 1. 180: "If she deny to wed," etc. *Makes dainty* = affects coyness. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 138: —

> "And he that stands upon a slippery place
> Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up."

22. *Am I come near ye now?* Do I touch you, or hit you, now? Cf. 1 *Hen IV.* i. 2. 14: "Indeed, you come near me now, Hal." Schmidt is clearly wrong in giving *T. N.* ii. 5. 29 as another example of the phrase in this sense. He might have given *T. N.* iii. 4. 71.

23. *Welcome, gentlemen!* Addressed to the masked friends of Romeo.

28. *A hall, a hall!* This exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and is = make room. Cf. *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600: "Room! room! a hall! a hall!" and Jonson, *Tale of a Tub:* "Then cry, a hall! a hall!"

29. *Turn the tables up.* The tables in that day were flat leaves hinged together and placed on trestles; when removed they were therefore turned up (Steevens).

30. *The fire.* S. appears to have forgotten that the time was in summer. See p. 19 above.

32. *Cousin.* The "uncle Capulet" of i. 2. 70. The word was often used loosely = kinsman in S. Cf. iii. 1. 143 below: "Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!"

37. *Nuptial.* The regular form in S. In the 1st folio *nuptials* occurs only in *Per.* v. 3. 80.

43. *What lady is that,* etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

> "At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape:
> Which Theseus, or Paris would haue chosen to their rape.
> Whom erst he neuer sawe, of all she pleasde him most:
> Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou iustly mayst thee boste.
> Of perfit shapes renoune, and Beauties sounding prayse:
> Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, ne liueth in our dayes.
> And whilest he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
> His former loue, for which of late he ready was to dye,
> Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had neuer been."

47. *Her beauty hangs.* The reading of the later folios, adopted by many editors. The quartos and 1st folio have "It seemes she hangs." As Verplanck remarks, it is quite probable that the correction was the poet's own, obtained from some other MS. altered during the poet's life; it is besides confirmed by the repetition of *beauty* in 49. Delius, who retains *it seems,* thinks that the boldness of the simile led the poet to introduce it in that way; but it is Romeo who is speaking, and the simile is not over-bold for him. The commentators often err in looking at the text from the "standpoint" of the critic rather than that of the character.

48. *Ethiope's ear.* For the simile, cf. *Sonn.* 27. 11: "Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night," etc. Holt White quotes Lyly, *Euphues:* "A fair pearl in a Morian's ear."

55. *I ne'er saw,* etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 75: —

> "The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
> Till now I never knew thee!"

57. *What dares,* etc. How dares, or why dares, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 129: "What tell you me of it? be it as it is;" *A. and C.* v. 2. 316: "What should I stay?" etc.

58. *Antic face.* Referring to Romeo's mask. Cf. ii. 4. 29 below.

59. *Fleer.* Sneer, mock; as in *Much Ado,* v. 1. 58, etc. For

scorn at, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131, *K. John*, i. 1. 228, etc. We find *scorn* without the preposition in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 147 : "How will he scorn !" *Solemnity* here expresses only the idea of ceremony, or formal observance. Cf. the use of *solemn* = ceremonious, formal ; as in *Macb.* iii. 1. 14 : "To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir ;" *T. of S.* iii. 2. 103 : "our solemn festival," etc. Hunter quotes Harrington, *Ariosto* : —

> "Nor never did young lady brave and bright
> Like dancing better on a solemn day."

64. *In spite.* In malice ; or, as Schmidt explains it, "only to defy and provoke us." Cf. i. 1. 75 above.

67. *Content thee.* "Compose yourself, keep your temper" (Schmidt). Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 87, *T. of S.* i. 1. 90, 203, ii. 1. 343, etc. So *be contented ;* as in *M. W.* iii. 3. 177, *Lear*, iii. 4. 115, etc.

68. *Portly.* The word here seems to mean simply "well-behaved, well-bred," though elsewhere it has the modern sense ; as in *M. W.* i. 3. 69 : "my portly belly ;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 464 : "A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent," etc.

72. *Do him disparagement.* Do him injury. Cf. "do danger" (*J. C.* ii. 1. 17), "do our country loss" (*Hen. V.* iv. 3. 21), "do him shame" (*R. of L.* 597, *Sonn.* 36. 10, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 204), etc. See also iii. 3. 118 below.

77. *It fits.* Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 147 : "where hope is coldest, and despair most fits," etc.

81. *God shall mend my soul !* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 193 : "By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous," etc. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 255.

83. *Cock-a-hoop.* "Of doubtful origin" (*New. Eng. Dict.*), though the meaning is clear. *Set cock-a-hoop* = play the bully. S. uses the word only here.

86. *Scathe.* Injure. S. uses the verb nowhere else ; but cf. the noun in *K. John*, ii. 1. 75 : "To do offence and scathe in Christen-

dom;" *Rich. III.* i. 3. 317: "To pray for them that have done scathe to us," etc.

87. *Contrary.* Oppose, cross; the only instance of the verb in S. Steevens quotes Greene, *Tully's Love:* "to contrary her resolution;" Warner, *Albion's England:* "his countermand should have contraried so," etc. The accent in S. is variable. Cf. the adjective in iii. 2. 64 below.

88. *Well said.* Well done. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 169, v. 1. 98, etc. *Princox* = a pert or impertinent boy; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Your proud university princox." Cotgrave renders "*un jeune estourdeau superbe*" by "a young princox boy."

Coleridge remarks here: "How admirable is the old man's impetuosity, at once contrasting, yet harmonized with young Tybalt's quarrelsome violence! But it would be endless to repeat observations of this sort. Every leaf is different on an oak-tree; but still we can only say, our tongues defrauding our eyes, This is another oak leaf!"

91. *Patience perforce.* Compulsory submission; a proverbial expression. Nares quotes Ray's *Proverbs:* "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog" (or "a mad horse," as Howell gives it). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 3. 3: —

> "Patience perforce: helplesse what may it boot
> To frett for anger, or for griefe to mone?"

94. *Convert.* For the intransitive use, cf. *R. of L.* 592, *Much Ado*, i. 1. 123, *Rich. II.* v. 1. 66, v. 3. 64, etc. Some make it transitive, with *now seeming sweet* (= "what now seems sweet") as its object; but this seems too forced a construction.

96. *The gentle fine.* The sweet penance for the offence; that is, for the rude touch of my hand. For *fine* the early eds. have "sin" or "sinne." The emendation is due to Warburton; but some editors retain "sin."

105. *Let lips do*, etc. Juliet has said that palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. She afterwards says that palmers have lips that they must use in prayer. Romeo replies that the prayer of his lips is that they may do what hands do, that is, that they may kiss.

109. As Malone remarks, kissing in a public assembly was not then thought indecorous. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 28.

White remarks : "I have never seen a Juliet on the stage who appeared to appreciate the archness of the dialogue with Romeo in this scene. They go through it solemnly, or at best with staid propriety. They reply literally to all Romeo's speeches about saints and palmers. But it should be noticed that though this is the first interview of the lovers, we do not hear them speak until the close of their dialogue, in which they have arrived at a pretty thorough understanding of their mutual feeling. Juliet makes a feint of parrying Romeo's advances, but does it archly, and knows that he is to have the kiss he sues for. He asks, 'Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too ?' The stage Juliet answers with literal solemnity. But it was not a conventicle at old Capulet's. Juliet was not holding forth. How demure is her real answer : 'Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use — in prayer !' And when Romeo fairly gets her into the corner, towards which she has been contriving to be driven, and he says, 'Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd,' and does put them to that purgation, how slyly the pretty puss gives him the opportunity to repeat the penance by replying, 'Then have my lips the sin that they have took !'"

114. *What.* Who ; as often. Cf. 130 below.

119. *Shall have the chinks.* This seems much like modern slang. S. uses it only here ; but Tusser (*Husbandry*, 1573) has both *chink* and *chinks* in this sense, and the word is found also in Florio, Cotgrave, Holinshed, Stanihurst, and other old writers.

120. *My life*, etc. "He means that, as bereft of Juliet he should die, his existence is at the mercy of his enemy, Capulet" (Staunton). Cf. Brooke : —

"So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast.
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geue him lyfe or death:
That scarsely can his wofull brest keepe in the liuely breath."

124. *Foolish.* A mere repetition of the apologetic *trifling*. *Banquet* sometimes meant a dessert, as here and in *T. of S.* v. 2. 9: —

"My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer."

Nares quotes Massinger, *Unnatural Combat*: —

"We 'll dine in the great room, but let the music
And banquet be prepared here;"

and Taylor, *Pennilesse Pilgrim*: "our first and second course being threescore dishes at one boord, and after that alwayes a banquet." *Towards* = ready, at hand (Steevens). So *toward;* as in *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 81: "What, a play toward!"

125. *Is it e'en so?* The 1st quarto has here the stage-direction: "*They whisper in his eare;*" that is, whisper the reason of their departure.

128. *By my fay.* That is, by my faith. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 271, etc.

130. *Come hither, nurse,* etc. Cf. Brooke: —

"As carefull was the mayde what way were best deuise
To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle wise.
Of whome her hart receiued so deepe, so wyde a wound,
An aucient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde.[1]
This old dame in her youth, had nurst her with her mylke,
With slender nedle taught her sow, and how to spin with silke.
What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease vnto the doore,
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two toorches light before.
And then as eche of them had of his household name,
So she him namde yet once agayne the yong and wyly dame.
And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand

[1] That is, whisper. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 217, *K. John*, ii. 1. 566, etc.

That yender doth in masking weede besyde the window stand.
His name is Romeus (said shee) a Montegewe.
Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both your householdes rewe."

136. *If he be married*, etc. "Uttered to herself while the Nurse makes inquiry" (Dowden). *Married* is here a trisyllable.

142. *Prodigious*. Portentous. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 419, *K. John*, iii. 1. 46, *Rich. III.* i. 2. 23, etc.

ACT II

Enter Chorus. This is generally put at the end of act i., but, as it refers to the future, rather than the past, it may be regarded as a prologue to act ii. There is no division of acts or scenes in the early eds.

2. *Gapes.* Rushton quotes Swinburn, *Briefe Treatise of Testaments and Last Willes*, 1590: "such personnes as do gape for greater bequests;" and again: "It is an impudent part still to gape and crie upon the testator."

3. On the repetition of *for*, cf. *A. W.* i. 2. 29: "But on us both did haggish age steal on;" *Cor.* ii. 1. 18: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?" etc. *Fair* = fair one; as in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 182, etc.

10. *Use.* Are accustomed. We still use the past tense of the verb in this sense, but not the present. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 175: "they always use to laugh at nothing;" *T. N.* ii. 5. 104: "with which she uses to seal;" *A. and C.* ii. 5. 32: "we use To say the dead are well," etc. See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 67: "Were it not better done, as others use," etc.

14. *Extremities.* That is, extreme difficulties or dangers.

Scene I. — 2. *Dull earth.* "Romeo's epithet for his small world of man, the earthlier portion of himself" (Clarke). Cf. *Sonn.* 146. 1: "Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth."

5. *Orchard.* That is, garden; the only meaning in S.

6. *Conjure.* Accented by S. on either syllable, without regard to the meaning.

7. *Humours!* Fancies, caprices. Some read "Humour's madman! Passion-lover!" See on 29 below.

10. *Ay me!* Often changed here and elsewhere to "Ah me!" which occurs in the old eds. of S. only in v. 1. 10 below. *Ay me!* is found thirty or more times. Milton also uses it often.

11. *My gossip Venus.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 1. 7: "if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word."

13. *Young Abraham Cupid.* The 2d and 3d quartos have "Abraham: Cupid;" the other early eds. "Abraham Cupid." Upton conjectured "Adam Cupid," with an allusion to the famous archer, Adam Bell, and was followed by Steevens and others. Theobald suggested "auborn," and it has since been shown that *abraham*, *abram*, *aborne*, *aborn*, *abron*, *aubrun*, etc., were all forms of the word now written *auburn*. In *Cor.* ii. 3. 21 the 1st, 2d, and 3d folios read: "our heads are some browne, some blacke, some Abram, some bald;" the 4th folio changes "Abram" to "auburn." In *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 194, the folio has "Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*." These are the only instances of the word in S. "Auburn" is adopted by a few editors, and is explained as = "auburn-haired," but that surely is no *nickname*. Schmidt understands "Young Abraham Cupid" to be used "in derision of the eternal boyhood of Cupid, though in fact he was at least as old as father Abraham." Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 182: "This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;" and *Id.* v. 2. 10: "For he hath been five thousand years a boy." Furness in his Variorum ed. gives "Adam," but he now prefers "Abraham" = the young counterfeit, with his sham make-up, pretending to be *purblind* and yet *shooting so trim*. He thinks the allusion to the *beggar-maid* also favours this explanation. *Abraham-man*, originally applied to a mendicant lunatic from Bethlehem Hospital, London, came to be a cant term for an impostor wandering about and asking alms under pre-

tence of lunacy. Herford says that "Adam" is made almost certain by *Much Ado*, i. 1. 260; but it is by no means certain that the allusion there is to Adam Bell, as he assumes.

Trim. The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "true." That the former is the right word is evident from the ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid* (see Percy's *Reliques*), in which we read: —

> "The blinded boy that shoots so trim
> From heaven down did hie,
> He drew a dart and shot at him,
> In place where he did lie."

For other allusions to the ballad, see *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 66 and 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 106.

16. *Ape.* As Malone notes, *ape*, like *fool* (see on i. 3. 31 above), was sometimes used as a term of endearment or pity. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 234: "Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest!"

22. *Circle.* Alluding to the ring drawn by magicians. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 5. 62: "a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. See also *Hen. V.* v. 2. 320.

25. *Spite.* Vexation. Cf. i. 5. 64 above.

29. *Humorous.* Humid. Delius (like Schmidt) sees a quibble in the word: "*moist* and *capricious*, full of such humours as characterize lovers, and as whose personification Mercutio had just conjured Romeo under the collective name *humours*."

32. *Truckle-bed.* Trundle-bed; one made to run under a "standing-bed," as it was called. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 5. 7: "his standing-bed and truckle-bed." The former was for the master, the latter for the servant. Mercutio uses the term in sport, and adds a quibble on *field-bed*, which was a camp-bed, or a bed on the ground.

Scene II. — 1. *He jests*, etc. Referring to Mercutio, whom he has overheard, as the rhyme in *found* and *wound* indicates. The

Cambridge ed. suggests that in the old arrangement of the scene the wall may have been represented as dividing the stage, so that the audience could see Romeo on one side and Mercutio on the other. Mr. F. A. Marshall thinks that Romeo "merely stepped to the back of the stage at the beginning of the scene, and was supposed to be concealed from the others, not coming out till they had gone. Juliet would appear on the 'upper stage' [the balcony at the back of the Elizabethan stage], which did duty in the old plays for so many purposes."

7. *Be not her maid.* Be not a votary to the moon, or Diana (Johnson). Gf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 73.

8. *Sick.* The 1st quarto has "pale," which is adopted by some editors. It has been objected that *sick and green* is a strange combination of *colours* in a livery ; but it is rather the *effect* of the colours that is meant. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 116 : "with a green and yellow melancholy." Perhaps, as Dowden remarks, the word *green-sickness* (see iii. 5. 155) suggested the epithets.

29. *White-upturned.* So Theobald and most of the editors. The early eds. have "white, upturned," which Marshall prefers as better expressing "the appearance of an upturned eye by moonlight."

39. *Thou art thyself,* etc. That is, you would be yourself, or what you now are, even if you were not a Montague ; just "as a rose is a rose — has all its characteristic sweetness and beauty — though it be not called a rose" (White). The thought is repeated below in *So Romeo would . . . that title.* The passage would not call for explanation if critics had not been puzzled by it.

46. *Owes.* Possesses ; as very often. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 79, *Macb.* i. 3. 76, i. 4. 10, iii. 4. 113, etc.

52. *Bescreen'd.* Used by S. only here.

58. *Yet not.* A common transposition. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 46 : "his powers are yet not ready ; " *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 204 : "full sick, and yet not well ; " *Cor.* i. 5. 18 : "My work hath yet not warm'd me," etc.

61. *Dislike.* Displease. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 49 : "I 'll do 't; but it dislikes me." So *like* = please; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 276 : "This likes me well," etc.

62. *Wherefore.* For the accent on the last syllable, cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 272 : "Hate me ! Wherefore ? O me ! what news, my love !"

66. *O'er-perch.* Used by S. nowhere else.

69. *Let.* Hindrance; as in *R. of L.* 330, 646, and *Hen. V.* v. 2. 65. Cf. the verb in *Ham.* i. 4. 85, etc.

78. *Prorogued.* Delayed; as in iv. 1. 48 below. On *wanting of*, cf. v. 1. 40 below : "Culling of simples."

83. *As that vast shore*, etc. Possibly suggested, as some have thought, by the voyages of Drake and other explorers to America about the time when S. was writing.

84. *Adventure.* Venture, try the chance. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 4. 156 : —

> "O for such means !
> Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
> I would adventure."

89. *Farewell compliment!* Away with formality ! The early eds. have "complement" or "complements," as in ii. 4. 19 below and elsewhere.

93. *At lovers' perjuries*, etc. Douce remarks that S. found this in Ovid's *Art of Love* — perhaps in Marlowe's translation : —

> "For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
> And laughs below at lovers' perjuries."

Cf. Greene, *Metamorphosis :* "What ! Eriphila, Jove laughs at the perjurie of lovers."

99. *Haviour.* Not "'haviour," as often printed. It is found in North's *Plutarch* and other prose.

101. *To be strange.* To appear coy or shy. Cf. iii. 2. 15 below: "strange love" (that is, coy love).

103. *Ware.* See on i. 1. 121 above.

106. *Discovered.* Revealed, betrayed. Cf. iii. 1. 145 below, where it is = tell, explain.

109. *The inconstant moon.* Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 25: —

> "For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
> After the moon."

See also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 212, *Lear*, v. 3. 19, and *Oth.* iii. 3. 178. Hunter quotes Wilson, *Retorique*, 1553: "as in speaking of constancy, to shew the sun who ever keepeth one course; in speaking of inconstancy, to shew the moon which keepeth no certain course."

116. *Do not swear.* Coleridge remarks here: "With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare this scene with the *Temp.* iii. 1. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mastery in playing a distinctly rememberable variation on the same remembered air than in the transporting love-confessions of Romeo and Juliet and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other."

117. *Contract.* Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. The verb is always *contrάct.* See also on i. 4. 103 above.

119. *Like the lightning*, etc. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 145: —

> "Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
> That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
> And ere a man hath power to say 'Behold!'
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
> So quick bright things come to confusion."

124. *As that*, etc. As to that heart, etc.

131. *Frank.* Bountiful; repeated in *bounty.* Cf. *Sonn.* 4. 4: —

> "Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
> And being frank she lends to those are free;"

and *Lear*, iii. 4. 20: "Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all."

139. *Afeard.* Used by S. interchangeably with *afraid* (v. 3. 10 below).

141. *Substantial.* Metrically a quadrisyllable.

142. *Three words*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

"In few vnfained woords your hidden mynd vnfolde,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you doe intende my honor to defile:
In error shall you wander still, as you haue done this whyle,
But if your thought be chaste, and haue on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the ende and marke which your desire hath found:
Obedience set aside, vnto my parentes dewe:
The quarell eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe:
Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake:
And following you where so you goe, my fathers house forsake."

143. *Bent.* Inclination; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 210: "I can give his humour the true bent," etc.

144. *Send me word to-morrow*, etc. This seems rather sudden at first glance, but her desire for immediate marriage is due, partially at least, to what she has just learned (i. 3) of the plan to marry her to Paris.

151. *Madam!* This forms no part of the verse, and might well enough be separated from it, like the *Juliet* in i. 5. 145 above. *By and by* = presently; as in iii. 1. 173 and iii. 3. 76 below.

152. *Suit.* The reading of 4th ("sute") and 5th quartos; the other early eds. have "strife." The expression "To cease your sute" occurs in Brooke's poem, a few lines below the passage just quoted.

153. *To-morrow.* "In the alternative which she places before her lover with such a charming mixture of conscious delicacy and girlish simplicity, there is that jealousy of female honour which precept and education have infused into her mind, without one real doubt of his truth, or the slightest hesitation in her self-abandon-

ment; for she does not even wait to hear his asseverations" (Mrs. Jameson).

157. *Toward school*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 145: —

> "And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school."

160. *Tassel-gentle.* The *tassel-gentle* or *tercel-gentle* is the male hawk. Dyce quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Tiercelet. The Tassell or male of any kind of Hawke, so tearmed, because he is, commonly, a third part less than the female;" and Holmes, *Academy of Armory*: "*Tiercell, Tercell*, or *Tassell* is the general name for the Male of all large Hawks." Malone says that the *tiercel-gentle* was the species of hawk appropriated to the prince, and thinks that on that account Juliet applies it to Romeo. We find *tercel* in *T. and C.* iii. 2. 56: "The falcon as the tercel." The hawk was trained to know and obey *the falconer's voice.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 196: —

> "Another way I have to man my haggard,
> To make her come and know her keeper's call."

For *haggard* = wild hawk, see *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 36, *T. N.* iii. 1. 71, etc.

163. *Airy tongue.* Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 208: "And airy tongues, that syllable men's names," etc.

166. *Silver-sweet.* Cf. *Per.* v. 1. 111: "As silver-voic'd." See also iv. 5. 124 below: "Then music with her silver sound," etc. The figure is a very common one.

167. *Attending.* Attentive. Cf. *T. A.* v. 3. 82: "To lovesick Dido's sad attending ear."

171. *I have forgot why I did call thee back.* We know, and she knew, that it was *only* to call him back, parting was "such sweet sorrow."

178. *A wanton's bird.* Here *wanton* means simply a playful girl. It is often used in such innocent sense (cf. i. 4. 35 above),

and is sometimes masculine, as in *K. John*, v. 1. 70 and *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 164.

181. *Plucks it back.* Cf. *Sonn.* 126. 6: "As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back." See also *W. T.* iv. 4. 476, 762 and *A. and C.* i. 2. 131. *Pluck* is a favourite word with S.

182. *Loving-jealous.* Compound adjectives are much used by S. Cf. i. 1. 79, 176, 178, i. 2. 25, i. 4. 7, 100, etc., above.

190. *Dear hap.* Good fortune. The 1st quarto has "good hap," which occurs in iii. 3. 171 below.

189. *Ghostly.* Spiritual; as in ii. 3. 45, ii. 6. 21, and iii. 3. 49 below.

Scene III. — 1. *Grey-eyed.* Delius says that *grey* here and in *Much Ado*, v. 3. 27 is = "bright blue," and Dyce defines it as "blue, azure"; but there is no reason why the word should not have its ordinary meaning. The *grey*, as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 419, *J. C.* ii. 1. 103, and iii. 5. 19 below, is the familiar poetic grey of the early morning before sunrise. Whether ascribed, as here, to the eyes of the Morn, or, as in Milton's *Lycidas*, to her sandals, does not matter. See also on iii. 5. 8 below.

3. *Flecked.* Spotted, dappled; used by S. nowhere else.

4. *From forth.* Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 53: "Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once," etc. For *Titan* as the sun-god, cf. *V. and A.* 177, *T. and C.* v. 10. 25, *Cymb.* iii. 4. 166, etc.

7. *Osier cage.* Basket. Dowden suggests that *of ours* is "possibly not merely for the rhyme's sake, but because the Franciscan had no personal property."

8. *Precious-juiced flowers.* S. here prepares us for the part which the Friar is afterwards to sustain. Having thus early found him to be a chemist, we are not surprised at his furnishing the sleeping-draught for Juliet. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

"What force the stones, the plants, and metals haue to woorke,
And diuers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,

With care I haue sought out, with payne I did then proue;
With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behoue," etc.

9. *The earth*, etc. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* ii. 911: "The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." See also *Per.* ii. 3. 45: —

"Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men,
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave."

15. *Mickle.* Much, great; a word already half obsolete in the time of S. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 1. 45: "The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame," etc. *Powerful grace* = "efficacious virtue" (Johnson); or = gracious power.

19. *Strain'd.* Wrenched, forced. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 184: "The quality of mercy is not strain'd" (that is, excludes the idea of force or compulsion), etc.

23. *Weak.* So all the early eds. except 1st quarto, which has "small." *Weak* seems the better word as opposed to the following *power* (Daniel).

25. *With that part.* That is, with its odour. Malone and Clarke take *part* to be = the sense of smell.

26. *Slays.* The 2d quarto has "staies" (= stops, paralyzes), which some editors prefer.

27. *Encamp them.* For the reflexive use, cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 180: "we 'll encamp ourselves." On the figurative *encamp*, cf. *L. C.* 203.

29. *Worser.* Cf. iii. 2. 108 below: "worser than Tybalt's death." *Predominant* was originally an astrological term. See *A. W.* i. 1. 211, etc.

30. *Canker.* Canker-worm. Cf. *V. and A.* 656: "The canker that eats up Love's tender spring;" *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 43: "in the sweetest bud The eating canker dwells," etc.

34. *Good morrow.* Here = good-by.

37. *Unstuff'd.* "Not overcharged" (Schmidt); used by S. only here.

40. *With some.* The editors generally adopt "by some" from

the 1st quarto; but *with* = *by* is so common in S. that the reading of all the other early eds. may be accepted. See on i. 1. 148 and i. 2. 49 above. *Distemperature* = disorder. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 82: "Of pale distemperatures and foes to life."

41, 42. *Or if not so*, etc. Marshall doubts whether S. wrote these lines. Of course, they belong to the first draft of the play.

51. *Both our remedies.* The healing of both of us. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 169: "both our mothers" = the mother of both of us. See also *Ham.* iii. 1. 42, *Cymb.* ii. 4. 56, etc.

52. *Lies.* Cf. *V. and A.* 1128: —

> "She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
> Where lo! two lamps burnt out in darkness lies."

See also *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 168 and *Cymb.* ii. 3. 24.

54. *Steads.* Benefits, helps. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 165: "Which since have steaded much;" *M. of V.* i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?" etc.

55. *Homely in thy drift.* Simple in what you have to say. Cf. iv. 1. 114 below.

56. *Riddling.* Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 53: "Lysander riddles very prettily;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 57: "a riddling merchant."

61. *When and where and how*, etc. An instance of the so-called "chiastic" construction of which S. was fond. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 113, 114, *Ham.* iii. 1. 158, 159, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 15–18, etc.

73. *Sighs.* Compared to vapours which the *sun* dispels.

72. *To season love.* A favourite metaphor with S., though a homely one; taken from the use of salt in preserving meat. For the reference to salt tears, cf. *A. W.* i. 1. 55, *T. N.* i. 1. 30, *R. of L.* 796, *L. C.* 18, etc.

74. *Ancient.* Aged; as in ii. 4. 133 below. See also *Lear*, ii. 2. 67, *Cymb.* v. 3. 15, etc.

88. *Did read by rote*, etc. "Consisted of phrases learned by heart, but knew nothing of the true characters of love" (Schmidt).

93. *I stand on sudden haste.* I must be in haste. Cf. the impersonal use of *stand on* or *upon* = it concerns, it is important to; as

in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 68: "Consider how it stands upon my credit;" *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 138: "It stands your grace upon to do him right" (that is, it is your duty), etc. Cf. ii. 4. 34 below.

SCENE IV.—2. *To-night.* Last night. See on i. 4. 50 above.

13. *How he dares.* For the play on *dare* = venture, and *dare* = challenge, cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 203. There is also a play on *answer*.

15. *A white wench's black eye.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 108: —

> "A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
> And two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;"

and Rosalind's reference to the "bugle eyeballs" of Phebe in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5, 47, which the shepherdess recalls as a sneer: "He said mine eyes were black," etc.

Thorough. Through. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 3, 5, *W. T.* iii. 2. 172, *J. C.* iii. 1. 136, v. 1. 110, etc.

16. *The very pin*, etc. The allusion is to archery. The *clout* (cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 136), or white mark at which the arrows were aimed, was fastened by a black pin in the centre. Cf. Marlowe, *Tamburlane*, 1590: —

> "For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
> Our crown the pin that thousands seek to cleave."

17. *Butt-shaft.* A kind of arrow used for shooting at butts; formed without a barb, so as to be easily extracted (Nares).

20. *Prince of cats.* *Tybert* is the name of the cat in *Reynard the Fox.* Steevens quotes Dekker, *Satiromastix*, 1602: "tho' you were Tybert, the long-tail'd prince of cats;" and *Have with You*, etc.: "not Tibalt, prince of cats." *Tibert*, *Tybert*, and *Tybalt* are forms of the ancient name *Thibault.* Cf. iii. 1. 77 below.

20. *Captain of compliments.* A complete master of etiquette. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 169: —

> "A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
> Have chose as umpire of their mutiny."

As Schmidt remarks, the modern distinction of *compliment* and *complement* is unknown to the orthography of the old eds. See on ii. 2. 89 above.

22. *Prick-song.* Music sung from notes (Schmidt); so called from the points or dots with which it is expressed. S. uses the word only here. When opposed to *plain-song*, it meant counterpoint as distinguished from mere melody. Here, as Elson shows, there is a reference to marking the time "by tapping the foot in time with the music, or, more frequently and more artistically, by waving the hand as the conductor of an orchestra waves his baton."

23. *Me.* For the "ethical dative," cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 270: "He plucked me ope his doublet," etc.

25. *Button.* Steevens quotes *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Strikes his poinado at a button's breadth." Staunton cites George Silver's *Paradoxes of Defence*, 1599: "Signior Rocco, . . . thou that takest upon thee to hit anie Englishman with a thrust upon anie button," etc. Duels were frequent in England in the time of S. The matter had been reduced to a science, and its laws laid down in books. The *causes* of quarrel had been duly graded and classified, as Touchstone explains in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 63 fol.

26. *Of the very first house.* Of the first rank among duellists.

27. *Passado.* "A motion forwards and thrust in fencing" (Schmidt). Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 2. 184: "the passado he respects not." The *punto reverso* was a back-handed stroke. We have *punto* (= thrust) in *M. W.* ii. 3. 26: "to see thee pass thy punto." The *hay* was a home-thrust; from the Italian *hai* = thou hast it (not "he has it," as Schmidt and others explain it). Johnson gives it correctly: "The *hay* is the word *hai*, you *have* it, used when a thrust reaches the antagonist, from which our fencers, on the same occasion, without knowing, I suppose, any reason for it, cry out ha!"

30. *Fantasticoes.* Steevens quotes Dekker, *Old Fortunatus*: "I have danced with queens, dallied with ladies, worn strange attires, seen fantasticoes," etc.

32. *Grandsire.* Addressed to Benvolio in raillery of his staid demeanour.

33. *Fashion-mongers.* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 94: "fashion-monging boys."

34. *Pardonnez-mois.* Fellows who are continually saying *pardonnez-moi;* a hit at Frenchified affectation. The Cambridge ed. has "perdona-mi's" (Italian, suggested by the "pardona-mees" of the 4th and 5th quartos). Herford reads "pardon-me's."

35. *Form.* There is a play on the word, as in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 209: "sitting with her upon the form . . . in manner and form following." Blakeway remarks: "I have heard that during the reign of large breeches it was necessary to cut away hollow places in the benches in the House of Commons, to make room for those monstrous protuberances, without which contrivance they who stood on the new form could not sit at ease on the old bench."

36. *Bons.* The early eds. have "bones," which is unintelligible. The correction is due to Theobald, and is generally adopted.

38. *Without his roe.* "That is, he comes but half himself; he is only a sigh — *O me!* that is, *me O!* the half of his name" (Seymour). It may mean without his mistress, whom he has had to leave; *roe* meaning a female deer as well as the spawn of a fish. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 309, where the Princess says: "Whip to our tents, as roes run over land;" and *T. and C.* v. 1. 68: "a herring without a roe."

42. *Be-rhyme.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 186: "I was never so berhymed," etc.

43. *Hildings.* Base menials; used of both sexes. Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 26: "For shame, thou hilding;" *A. W.* iii. 6. 4: "If your lordship find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your respect," etc. See also iii. 5. 167 below. It is used as an adjective in 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 57 and *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 29.

44. *Grey eye.* Here Malone and others make *grey* = blue; while Steevens and Ulrici take the ground that it has its ordinary meaning. The latter quote *Temp.* i. 2. 269 ("This blue-eyed hag")

in proof that blue eyes were accounted ugly; but the reference there, as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 393 ("a blue eye and sunken"), seems to be to a bluish circle about the eyes. It is curious that these are the only specific allusions to blue eyes in S. In *W. T.* i. 2. 136, some make "welkin eye" = blue eye; but it is more probably = heavenly eye, as Schmidt gives it. In *V. and A.* 482 ("Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth") the eyelids, not the eyes, are meant, on account of their "blue veins" (*R. of L.* 440). Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 2. 21 : —

> "would under-peep her lids,
> To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
> Under these windows, white and azure lac'd
> With blue of heaven's own tinct."

Malone cites both this last passage and *V. and A.* 482 as referring to blue eyes; but the "azure *lac'd*" ought to settle the question in regard to the former, and "windows" evidently has the same meaning in both. If the "blue windows" *were* blue eyes, Malone would make out his case, for in *V. and A.* 140 the goddess says "Mine eyes are grey and bright." But why should the poet call them *blue* in the one place and *grey* in the other, when the former word would suit the verse equally well in both? In my opinion, when he says *blue* he means blue, and when he says *grey* he means grey. See on ii. 3. 1 above. The *New Eng. Dict.* does not recognize blue as a meaning of *grey*. It seems, however, from certain passages in writers of the time that the word was sometimes = bluish grey or bluish; but never "bright blue" (as Delius defines it) or clear blue, as Dyce and others assume.

46. *Slop*. For *slops* (= large loose breeches), see *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 36, etc. *Gave us the counterfeit* = played a trick on us. *Counterfeit* is used for the sake of the coming play on *slip*, which sometimes meant a counterfeit coin. Cf. Greene, *Thieves Falling Out*, etc. : "counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips." There is also a

play upon the word in the only other instance in which S. uses it, *V. and A.* 515 : —

> "Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
> Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips."

58. *Kindly.* The word literally means "naturally, in a manner suited to the character or occasion" (Schmidt); hence aptly, pertinently.

63. *Then is my pump*, etc. The idea seems to be, my shoe or *pump*, being *pinked* or punched with holes, is well *flowered.* Cf. *unpinked* in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 136 : "And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel."

68. *Single-soled.* "With a quibble on *sole* and *soul* = having but one sole, and silly, contemptible" (Schmidt). Steevens gives several examples of *single-soled* = mean, contemptible. *Singleness* here = simplicity, silliness.

74. *Wild-goose chase.* A kind of horse-race, resembling the flight of wild-geese. Two horses were started together; and if one got the lead the other was obliged to follow over whatever ground the foremost rider chose to take (Holt White).

77. *Was I with you*, etc. Was I even with you, have I paid you off ? as, perhaps, in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 170: "What, do you grumble? I 'll be with you straight!" For the allusion to *five wits* see on i. 4. 47 above.

80. *I will bite thee by the ear.* A playful expression of endearment, common in the old dramatists.

81. *Good goose, bite not.* A proverbial phrase, found in Ray's *Proverbs.*

82. *Sweeting.* A kind of sweet apple. The word is still used in this sense, at least in New England. Steevens quotes Sumner's *Last Will and Testament*, 1600 : "as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits." There was also a variety known as the *bitter-sweet.* Cf. *Fair Em* : "And left me such a bitter sweet to gnaw upon."

84. *And is it not well served in*, etc. White remarks that "the passage illustrates the antiquity of that dish so much esteemed by all boys and many men — goose and apple-sauce." Cf. the allusions to mutton and capers in *T. N.* i. 3. 129, and to beef and mustard in *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 197 and *T. of S.* iv. 3. 23.

86. *Cheveril.* Soft kid leather for gloves, proverbially elastic. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 32: —

> "which gifts,
> Saving your mincing, the capacity
> Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
> If you might please to stretch it."

See also *T. N.* iii. 1. 13: "a cheveril glove," etc.

90. *A broad goose.* No satisfactory explanation of this quibble has been given. Schmidt defines *broad* here as "plain, evident." Dowden suggests that there is a play on *brood-goose*, which occurs in Fletcher, *Humorous Lieutenant*, ii. 1: "They have no more burden than a brood-goose" (breeding goose).

95. *Natural.* Fool, idiot. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 37 and *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 52, 57.

97. *Gear.* Matter, business. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 6: "Will this gear ne'er be mended?" 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 17: "To this gear the sooner the better," etc.

99. *Two, two*, etc. This is given to Mercutio in most of the early eds., and White doubts whether it belongs to the sober Benvolio; but he is not incapable of fun. Cf. 125 below.

102. *My fan, Peter.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 1. 147: "To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!" The fans of the time of S. were large and heavy.

105. *God ye good morrow.* That is, God give ye, etc. For *good den*, see on i. 2. 57 above.

109. *Prick of noon.* Point of noon. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 34: "at the noontide prick." See also *R. of L.* 781.

123. *Confidence.* Probably meant for *conference.* Cf. *Much Ado*,

iii. 5. 3, where Dogberry says, "Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly."

125. *Indite.* Probably used in ridicule of the Nurse's *confidence.* Mrs. Quickly uses the word in the same way in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 30: "he is indited to dinner."

126. *So ho!* The cry of the sportsmen when they find a hare. Hence Romeo's question that follows.

129. *Hoar.* Often = mouldy, as things grow white from moulding (Steevens).

134. *Lady, lady, lady.* From the old ballad of *Susanna,* also quoted in *T. N.* ii. 3. 85 : "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

136. *Merchant.* Used contemptuously, like *chap,* which is a contraction of *chapman.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 57 : "a riddling merchant;" and Churchyard's *Chance,* 1580 : "What saucie merchaunt speaketh now, saied Venus in her rage?"

137. *Ropery.* Roguery. Steevens quotes *The Three Ladies of London,* 1584 : "Thou art very pleasant and full of thy roperye." Cf. *rope-tricks* in *T. of S.* i. 2. 112, which Schmidt explains as "tricks deserving the halter." Nares and Douce see the same allusion in *ropery.*

143. *Jacks.* For the contemptuous use of the word, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 77 : "these bragging Jacks;" *Much Ado,* v. 1. 91 : "Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!" etc.

144. *Flirt-gills.* That is *flirting Gills,* or women of loose behaviour. *Gill* or *Jill* was a familiar term for a woman, as *Jack* was for a man. Cf. the proverb, "Every Jack must have his Jill;" alluded to in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 885 and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 461. The word is a contraction of *Gillian* (see *C. of E.* iii. 1. 31), which is a corruption of *Juliana. Gill-flirt* was the more common form.

145. *Skains-mates.* A puzzle to the commentators. As *skein* is an Irish word for knife (used by Warner, Greene, Chapman, and other writers of the time) Malone and Steevens make *skains-mates* mean "cut-throat companions" or fencing-school companions.

Schmidt defines it as "messmates," and Nares as probably = "roaring or swaggering companions." Various other explanations have been suggested; but there is probably some corruption in the first part of the compound.

153. *Afore.* Not a mere vulgarism. It is used by Capulet in iii. 4. 34 and iv. 2. 31 below. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 7: —

> "here afore Heaven,
> I ratify this my rich gift," etc.

158. *In a fool's paradise.* Malone cities *A handfull of Pleasant Delightes*, 1584: —

> "When they see they may her win,
> They leave then where they did begin;
> They prate, and make the matter nice,
> And leave her in fooles paradise."

and Barnaby Rich's *Farewell*: "Knowing the fashion of you men to be such, as by praisyng our beautie, you think to bring into a fooles paradize."

162. *Weak.* Explained by Schmidt as "stupid." Clarke thinks that "she intends to use a most forcible expression, and blunders upon a most feeble one."

177. *And stay*, etc. The pointing is White's. Most editors follow the early eds. and read "And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall, etc."

180. *A tackled stair.* That is, a rope-ladder. Cf. "ladder-tackle" in *Per.* iv. 1. 61.

181. *High top-gallant.* The top-gallant mast; figuratively for summit or climax. Steevens quotes Markham, *English Arcadia*, 1607: "the high top-gallant of his valour." S. uses the term only here.

183. *Quit.* Requite, reward. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 68, 280, etc.

184. *Mistress.* A trisyllable here.

188. *Two may keep counsel.* That is, keep a secret. Cf. *T. A.* iv. 2. 144: "Two may keep counsel when the third 's away."

191. *Lord*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

"A prety babe (quod she) it was when it was yong:
Lord how it could full pretely haue prated with it [its] tong."

194. *Lieve.* Often used for *lief* in the old eds. It is sometimes found in good writers of recent date. Mätzner quotes Sheridan: "I had as lieve be shot."

195. *Properer.* Handsomer. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 129, iii. 5. 51, etc. See also *Hebrews*, xi. 23.

197. *Pale as any clout.* A common simile of which Dowden cites examples from Bunyan and others. *Versal* is a vulgarism for *universal.*

198. *A letter.* One letter. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276: "These foils have all a length," etc. For *rosemary* as the symbol of remembrance, see *Ham.* iv. 5. 175.

200. *The dog's name. R* was called "the dog's letter." Cf. Jonson, *Eng. Gram.:* "R is the dog's letter and hurreth in the sound." Farmer cites Barclay, *Ship of Fools*, 1578: —

"This man malicious which troubled is with wrath,
Nought els soundeth but the hoorse letter R.
Though all be well, yet he none aunswere hath
Save the dogges letter glowming with nar, nar."

Dyce remarks: "Even in the days of the Romans, *R* was called *the dog's letter*, from its resemblance in sound to the snarling of a dog."

208. *Before, and apace.* Go before, and quickly. For *apace*, cf. iii. 2. 1 below.

SCENE V. — 7. *Love.* That is, Venus. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 94: —

"I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her;"

and *V. and A.* 1190: —

"Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves."

9. *Highmost.* Cf. *Sonn.* 7. 9: "But when from highmost pitch, with weary car," etc. We still use *hindmost*, *topmost*, etc.

11. *Hours.* A dissyllable; as in iii. 1. 198.

14. *Bandy.* A metaphor from tennis. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 29: "Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd," etc. See on iii. 1. 91 below.

18. *Honey nurse.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 530: "my fair, sweet, honey monarch;" *T. of S.* iv. 3. 52: "my honey love," etc.

22. *Them.* S. makes *news* both singular and plural. For the latter, cf. *Much Ado*, i. 2. 4.

25. *Give me leave.* Let me alone, let me rest. See on i. 3. 7 above.

26. *Ache.* Spelt "ake" in the folio both here and in 49 below. This indicates the pronunciation of the verb. The noun was pronounced *aitch*, and the plural was a dissyllable; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 370, *T. of A.* i. 1. 257, etc.

36. *Stay the circumstance.* Wait for the particulars. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 221: "let me stay the growth of his beard," etc. On *circumstance*, cf. v. 3. 181 below: "without circumstance" (= without further particulars). See also *V. and A.* 844, *Ham.* v. 2. 2, etc.

38. *Simple.* Silly; as often. Cf. iii. 1. 35 below, and *simpleness* in iii. 3. 77.

43. *Past compare.* Cf. iii. 5. 236 below: "above compare," etc.

50. *As.* As if; a common ellipsis.

51. *O' t' other.* On the other. Cf. i. 1. 44 above: "of our side."

52. *Beshrew.* A mild form of imprecation, often used playfully. Cf. iii. 5. 221, 227 below.

56–58. *Your love*, etc. Printed as prose by the Cambridge editors, Daniel, and some others.

66. *Coil.* Ado, "fuss." See *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 100, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 339, etc.

72. *Straight at any news.* Capell explains it, "at such talk (of love and Romeo), *any* talk of that kind." Perhaps, as Dowden suggests, the meaning is, "It is their way to redden at any surprise."

Scene VI. — 9. *These violent delights*, etc. Malone compares *R. of L.* 894: "These violent vanities can never last." He might have added *Ham.* ii. 1. 102: —

> "This is the very ecstasy of love,
> Whose violent property fordoes itself."

10. *Like fire and powder.* For the simile, cf. iii. 3. 132 and v. 1. 64 below.

12. *His.* Its; as often. *Its* was just coming into use when S. wrote. Cf. v. 3. 203 below.

13. *Confounds.* Destroys; as often. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 2. 12, iv. 1. 54, iv. 3. 99, etc. So *confusion* often = destruction, ruin; as in iv. 5. 61 below.

15. *Too swift*, etc. "The more haste, the worse speed."

17. *Will ne'er wear out*, etc. White thinks that the reading of the 1st quarto, "So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower," is "a daintier and more graceful, and therefore, it would seem, a more appropriate figure." The quarto, it is true, gives the "daintier" figure, which has been used by the poets from Pope's description of Camilla flying "o'er the unbending corn" to Tennyson's Olivia in *The Talking Oak*: —

> "The flower she touch'd on dipt and rose,
> And turn'd to look at her."

It would be appropriate in the Friar's mouth if he were in the fields, as in ii. 3, and Juliet had met him there. Very likely S. at first wrote it as in the quarto, but his poetic instinct led him to change it in revising the play. The speaker is now in his cell, with its stone floor worn by the tread of many heavy feet — such as one sees in old churches and monasteries in Europe — but Juliet's light step will not thus wear "the everlasting flint." The comparison is natural and apt.

18. *Gossamer.* Light filaments floating in the air, especially in autumn. Their origin was formerly not understood, but they are

now known to be the webs of certain species of spiders. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 49: "Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air." S. uses the word only twice.

20. *Vanity.* "Here used for 'trivial pursuit,' 'vain delight.' The word was much used in this sense by divines in Shakespeare's time, and with much propriety is so put into the good old Friar's mouth" (Clarke).

21. *Confessor.* For the accent on the first syllable, cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 133: "One of our covent and his confessor;" and *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 149: "His confessor, who fed him every minute," etc. See also iii. 3. 49 below.

25. *And that.* And if. This use of *that* (in place of a preceding conjunction) is common in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 813, *T. and C.* ii. 2. 179, etc.

26. *Blazon it.* Set it forth. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 63: "One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens," etc.

29. *Encounter.* Meeting. It is often used, as here, of the meeting of lovers. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 161, iv. 1. 94, *M. W.* iii. 5. 74, etc.

30. *Conceit.* Conception, imagination. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 114: "Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works," etc. So *conceited* = imaginative in *R. of L.* 1371: "the conceited painter," etc.

32. *They are but beggars*, etc. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 15: "There 's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd." *Worth* = wealth.

36. *Leaves.* The plural is used because the reference is to more than one person; a common construction in S. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 314: "your sights," etc.

ACT III

SCENE I. — 2. *The day is hot.* "It is observed that in Italy almost all assassinations are committed during the heat of summer" (Johnson).

3. *Scape.* Not "'scape," as often printed. The word is used in prose; as in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 174, etc.

6. *Me.* See on ii. 4. 23 above. We have the same construction in *him*, two lines below, where some eds. have "it" (from 1st quarto).

8. *Operation.* Effect. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 104: "A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in it," etc.

11. *Am I*, etc. "The quietness of this retort, with the slight but significant emphasis which we imagine thrown upon the *I*, admirably gives point to the humorous effect of Mercutio's lecturing Benvolio — the sedate and peace-making Benvolio, and lectured by Mercutio, of all people! — for the sin of quarrelsomeness" (Clarke).

12. *Jack.* See on ii. 4. 127 above.

14. *Moody.* Angry. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 39: "But, being moody, give him line and scope," etc.

31. *Tutor me from.* Teach me to avoid.

39. *Good den.* See on i. 2. 57 above.

43. *Apt enough to.* Ready enough for. Cf. iii. 3. 157 below.

47. *Consort'st with.* Keepest company with. Cf. *V. and A.* 1041, *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 387, *T. and C.* v. 3. 9, etc.

48. *Consort.* The word (with accent on first syllable) sometimes meant a company of musicians. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 84: —

> "Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
> With some sweet consort; to their instruments
> Tune a deploring dump," etc.

See also 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 327. In these passages the modern eds. generally read "concert." Milton has *consort* in the same sense in the *Ode at a Solemn Musick*, 27: —

> "O, may we soon again renew that song,
> And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
> To his celestial consort us unite,
> To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!"

Cf. *Ode on Nativ.* 132: "Make up full consort to the angelic symphony;" *Il Pens.* 145: "With such consort as they keep," etc. "The *consorts* of S.'s time were not only concerted music, but generally composed of such instruments as belonged to one family. If, for example, only viols were employed, the consort was called *whole*, but if virginal, lute, or flute came into the combination, it was a *broken consort*, or *broken music*" (Elson). Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 150, etc.

51. *Zounds.* Like *'swounds* (see *Ham.* ii. 2. 604), an oath contracted from "God's wounds!" and generally omitted or changed in the fólio in deference to the statute of James I. against the use of the name of God on the stage. Here the folio has "Come."

54. *Reason coldly.* Talk coolly or dispassionately. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;" and *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 132: "bear it coldly but till midnight," etc.

"Benvolio presents a triple alternative: either to withdraw to a private place, or to discuss the matter quietly where they were, or else to part company; and it is supremely in character that on such an occasion he should perceive and suggest all these methods of avoiding public scandal" (White).

55. *Depart.* Perhaps = part. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 43: "A deadly groan, like life and death's departing," etc. So *depart with* = part with; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 563: —

> "John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
> Hath willingly departed with a part," etc.

In the Marriage Ceremony "till death us do part" was originally "us depart." The word is used in the same sense in Wiclif's Bible, *Matthew*, xix. 6. On the other hand, *part* often = depart; as in *T. N.* v. 1. 394, *Cor.* v. 6. 73, *T. of A.* iv. 2. 21, etc.

57. *I.* The repetition of the pronoun at the end of the sentence is common in S. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 132: "I care not for her, I;" *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 78: "I do not like these several councils, I;"

T. A. v. 3. 113: "I am no vaunter, I;" *Id.* v. 3. 185: "I am no baby, I," etc. See also iii. 5. 12 below.

62. *The hate I bear thee.* The reading of 1st quarto. The other early eds. have "love"; but Tybalt is not given to irony.

64. *Love.* Delius says that this "is of course ironical," but the reiteration in the next speech shows that it is not. Romeo's love for Juliet embraces, in a way, all her kindred. His heart, as Talfourd expresses it in *Ion*, —

> "Enlarge'd by its new sympathy with one,
> Grew bountiful to all."

65. *Appertaining rage*, etc. That is, the rage appertaining to (belonging to, or becoming) such a greeting. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 6. 48: —

> "our suffering country
> Under a hand accurst."

68. *Boy.* Often used contemptuously; as in *Much Ado.* v. 1. 83, 187, *Cor.* v. 6. 101, 104, 117, etc.

73. *Tender.* Regard, cherish. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 107: "Tender yourself more dearly," etc.

76. *A la stoccata.* Capell's emendation of the "Alla stucatho" or "Allastucatho" of the early eds. *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thrust or stab with a rapier. It is the same as the "stoccado" of *M. W.* ii. 1. 234, the "stock" of *Id.* ii. 3. 26, and the "stuck" of *T. N.* iii. 4. 303 and *Ham.* iv. 7. 162. *Carries it away* = carries the day.

79. *King of cats.* See on ii. 4. 20 above. On *nine lives*, cf. Marston, *Dutch Courtezan:* "Why then thou hast nine lives like a cat," etc. A little black-letter book, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, says that it was permitted to a witch "to take on her a cattes body nine times." Trusler, in his *Hogarth Moralized*, remarks: "The conceit of a cat's having nine lives hath cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of them. Scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone even Hercules himself, who was renowned for killing a monster that had but three lives."

81. *Dry-beat.* Beat soundly. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 263: "all dry-beaten with pure scoff." See also iv. 5. 120 below. S. uses the word only three times; but we have "dry basting" in *C. of E.* ii. 2. 64.

83. *Pilcher.* Scabbard; but no other example of the word in this sense has been found. *Pilch* or *pilche* meant a leathern coat, and the word or a derivative of it may have been applied to the leathern sheath of a rapier.

87. *Passado.* See on ii. 4. 27 above.

89. *Outrage.* A trisyllable here. Cf. *entrance* in i. 4. 8.

91. *Bandying.* Contending. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 190: "This factious bandying of their favourites." For the literal sense, see on ii. 5. 14 above.

92. The 1st quarto has here the stage-direction, "*Tibalt vnder Romeos arme thrusts Mercutio in and flyes;*" which some modern eds. retain substantially.

93. *Sped.* Dispatched, "done for." Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 72: "So begone; you are sped;" *T. of S.* v. 2. 185: "We three are married, but you two are sped," etc. See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 122: "What need they? They are sped" (that is, provided for).

100. *Grave.* Farmer cites Lydgate's *Elegy on Chaucer:* "My master Chaucer now is grave;" and Steevens remarks that we have the same quibble in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where Vindice dresses up a lady's skull and says: "she has a somewhat grave look with her." Cf. John of Gaunt's play on his name when on his death-bed (*Rich. II.* ii. 1. 82).

104. *Fights by the book of arithmetic.* Cf. ii. 4. 22 above: "keeps time, distance," etc.

111. *Your houses!* "The broken exclamation of a dying man, who has not breath to repeat his former anathema, 'A plague o' both your houses!'" (Marshall).

113. *My very friend.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 41: "his very friend;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 226: "my very friends and countrymen," etc.

116. *Cousin.* Some editors adopt the "kinsman" of 1st quarto; but *cousin* was often = kinsman. See on i. 5. 32 above.

120. *Aspir'd.* Not elsewhere used transitively by S. Cf. Chapman, *Iliad*, ix.: "and aspir'd the gods' eternal seats;" Marlowe, *Tamburlaine:* "our souls aspire celestial thrones," etc.

121. *Untimely.* Often used adverbially (like many adjectives in *-ly*); as in *Macb.* v. 8. 16, *Ham.* iv. 1. 40, etc. See also v. 3. 258 below.

122. *Depend.* Impend (Schmidt). Cf. *R. of L.* 1615: "In me moe woes than words are now depending;" and *Cymb.* iv. 3. 23: "our jealousy Doth yet depend."

126. *Respective.* Considerate. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 156: "You should have been respective," etc.

127. *Conduct.* Conductor, guide. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 244: —

> "And there is in this business more than nature
> Was ever conduct of;"

Rich. III. i. 1. 45: "This conduct to convey me to the Tower," etc. See also v. 3. 116 below.

129. *For Mercutio's soul*, etc. The passage calls to mind one similar yet very different in *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 15 fol.: —

> "And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
> My soul shall keep thine company to heaven;
> Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
> As in this glorious and well-foughten field
> We kept together in our chivalry!'"

133. *Consort.* Accompany. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 2. 28: "And afterward consort you till bedtime;" *J. C.* v. 1. 83: "Who to Philippi here consorted us," etc. For the intransitive use of the word, see on 43 above.

137. *Doom thee death.* Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 102: "to doom my brother's death;" *T. A.* iv. 2. 114: "The emperor, in his

rage, will doom her death." *Amiazed* = bewildered, stupefied; as often.

139. *Fortune's fool.* Made a fool of by fortune, the sport of fortune. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 195: "The natural fool of fortune." See also *Ham.* i. 4. 54: "we fools of nature;" and cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 11, *Macb.* ii. 1. 44, etc.

145. *Discover.* Uncover, reveal. See on ii. 2. 106 above.

146. *Manage.* "Bringing about" (Schmidt); or we may say that *all the manage* is simply = the whole course. The word means management, administration, in *Temp.* i. 2. 70: "the manage of my state;" *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25: "The husbandry and manage of my house," etc. It is especially used of horses; as in *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 13, etc.

156. *Spoke him fair.* Spoke gently to him. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 199: "Do I entice you? do I speak you fair?" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 275: "Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death" (that is, speak well of me after I am dead), etc.

157. *Nice.* Petty, trivial. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 175: "nice and trivial;" *J. C.* iv. 3. 8: "every nice offence," etc. See also v. 2. 18 below.

160. *Take truce.* Make peace. Cf. *V. and A.* 82: "Till he take truce with her contending tears;" *K. John*, iii. 1. 17: "With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce," etc. *Spleen* = heat, impetuosity. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 97: "thy hasty spleen;" *Rich. III.* v. 3. 350: "Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!" etc.

167. *Retorts.* Throws back; as in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 101: —

> "Heat them, and they retort that heat again
> To the first giver," etc.

171. *Envious.* Malicious; as often.

173. *By and by.* Presently. See on ii. 2. 151 above, and cf. iii. 3. 76 and v. 3. 284 below.

180. *Affection makes him false.* "The charge, though produced at hazard, is very just. The author, who seems to intend the char-

acter of Benvolio as good, meant, perhaps, to show how the best minds, in a state of faction and discord, are detorted to criminal partiality" (Johnson).

188. *Concludes.* For the transitive use (= end), cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 153 : "Will not conclude their plotted tragedy."

190. *Exile.* Accented by S. on either syllable. So also with the noun in iii. 3. 20 and v. 3. 211 below.

193. *Amerce.* Used by S. only here.

196. *Purchase out.* Cf. *buy out* in *C. of E.* i. 2. 5, *K. John*, iii. 1. 164, *Ham.* iii. 3. 60, etc.

198. *Hour.* Metrically a dissyllable; as in ii. 5. 11 above. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 4. etc.

200. *Mercy but murthers*, etc. Malone quotes Hale, *Memorials* : "When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember likewise that there is a mercy due to the country."

Scene II. — 1. *Gallop apace*, etc. Malone remarks that S. probably remembered Marlowe's *Edward II.*, which was performed before 1593 : —

> "Gallop apace, bright Phœbus, through the skie,
> And dusky night, in rusty iron car ;
> Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
> That I may see that most desired day ; "

and Barnaby Rich's *Farewell*, 1583 : "The day to his seeming passed away so slowely that he had thought the stately steedes had bin tired that drawe the chariot of the Sunne, and wished that Phaeton had beene there with a whippe." For the thought, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 30.

3. *Phaethon.* For other allusions to the ambitious youth, see *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 153, *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 178, and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 33, ii. 6. 12.

6. *That runaways' eyes may wink.* This is the great *crux* of the play, and more has been written about it than would fill a vol-

ume like this. The condensed summary of the comments upon it fills twenty-eight octavo pages of fine print in Furness, to which I must refer the curious reader. The early eds. have "runnawayes," "run-awayes," "run-awaies," or "run-aways." Those who retain this as a possessive singular refer it variously to Phœbus, Phaethon, Cupid, Night, the sun, the moon, Romeo, and Juliet; those who make it a possessive plural generally understand it to mean persons running about the streets at night. No one of the former list of interpretations is at all satisfactory. Personally, I am quite well satisfied to read *runaways'*, and to accept the explanation given by Hunter and adopted by Delius, Schmidt, Daniel, and others. It is the simplest possible solution, and is favoured by the *untalk'd of* that follows. White objects to it that "*runaway* seems to have been used only to mean one who ran away, and that *runagate*, which had the same meaning then that it has now, would have suited the verse quite as well as *runaway;*" but, as Furnivall and others have noted, Cotgrave apparently uses *runaway* and *runagate* as nearly equivalent terms. In a letter in the *Academy* for Nov. 30, 1878, Furnivall, after referring to his former citations in favour of *runaways* = "runagates, runabouts," and to the fact that Ingleby and Schmidt have since given the same interpretation, adds, "But I still desire to cite an instance in which Shakspere himself renders Holinshed's 'runagates' by his own 'runaways.' In the second edition of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, 1587, which Shakspere used for his *Richard III.*, he found the passage (p. 756, col. 2) : 'You see further, how a company of traitors, thieves, outlaws, and *runagates*, be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprise,' etc. And he turned it thus into verse (1st folio, p. 203) : —

> "'Remember whom you are to cope withall,
> A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and *Run-awayes*,
> A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,
> Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
> To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.
> You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest.'" etc.

Herford regards this interpretation as "a prosaic idea;" but it seems to me perfectly in keeping with the character and the situation. The marriage was a secret one, and Juliet would not have Romeo, if seen, supposed to be a paramour visiting her by night. She knows also the danger he incurs if detected by her kinsmen. Cf. ii. 2. 64 fol. above.

10. *Civil.* Grave, sober. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 101 : "a civil modest wife," etc.

12. *Learn.* Teach ; as often. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 5, *Cymb.* i. 5. 12, etc.

14. *Hood my unmann'd blood,* etc. The terms are taken from falconry. The hawk was *hooded* till ready to let fly at the game. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 121 : "'t is a hooded valour ; and when it appears it will bate." An *unmanned* hawk was one not sufficiently trained to know the voice of her keeper (see on ii. 2. 159 above). To *bate* was to flutter or flap the wings, as the hawk did when unhooded and eager to fly. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 199 : —

> "as we watch these kites
> That bate and beat and will not be obedient."

Dyce quotes Holmes, *Acad. of Armory :* "*Bate,* Bateing or Bateth, is when the Hawk fluttereth with her Wings either from Pearch or Fist, as it were striveing to get away ; also it is taken from her striving with her Prey, and not forsaking it till it be overcome."

15. *Strange.* Reserved, retiring.

17. *Come, Night,* etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks : "The fond adjuration, 'Come, Night, come, Romeo, *come thou day in night!*' expresses that fulness of enthusiastic admiration for her lover which possesses her whole soul ; but expresses it as only Juliet could or would have expressed it — in a bold and beautiful metaphor. Let it be remembered that, in this speech, Juliet is not supposed to be addressing an audience, nor even a confidante ; and I confess I have been shocked at the utter want of taste and refinement in those who, with coarse derision, or in a spirit of prudery, yet more

gross and perverse, have dared to comment on this beautiful 'Hymn to the Night,' breathed out by Juliet in the silence and solitude of her chamber. She is thinking aloud; it is the young heart 'triumphing to itself in words.' In the midst of all the vehemence with which she calls upon the night to bring Romeo to her arms, there is something so almost infantine in her perfect simplicity, so playful and fantastic in the imagery and language, that the charm of sentiment and innocence is thrown over the whole; and her impatience, to use her own expression, is truly that of 'a child before a festival, that hath new robes and may not wear them.' It is at the very moment too that her whole heart and fancy are abandoned to blissful anticipation that the Nurse enters with the news of Romeo's banishment; and the immediate transition from rapture to despair has a most powerful effect."

18. *For thou*, etc. "Indeed, the whole of this speech is imagination strained to the highest; and observe the blessed effect on the purity of the mind. What would Dryden have made of it?" (Coleridge).

20. *Black-brow'd Night.* Cf. *King John*, v. 6. 17: "Why, here walk I in the black brow of night."

25. *The garish sun.* Johnson remarks: "Milton had this speech in his thoughts when he wrote in *Il Pens.*, 'Till civil-suited morn appear,' and 'Hide me from day's garish eye.'" S. uses *garish* only here and in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 89: "a garish flag."

26, 27. *I have bought*, etc. There is a strange confusion of metaphors here. Juliet is first the buyer and then the thing bought. She seems to have in mind that what she says of herself is equally true of Romeo. In the next sentence she reverts to her own position.

30. *That hath new robes*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 5: "Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage as to show a child his new coat and forbid him to wear it." See also *Macb.* i. 7. 34.

40. *Envious.* Malignant; as in i. 1. 148 and iii. 1. 171 above.

45. *But ay.* In the time of S. *ay* was commonly written and printed *I*, which explains the play upon the word here. Most editors print "but 'I'" here, but it does not seem necessary to the understanding of the quibble. Lines 45–51 evidently belong to the first draft of the play.

47. *Death-darting eye*, etc. The eye of the fabled cockatrice or basilisk was said to kill with a glance. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 215: "they will kill one another by the look, like two cockatrices;" *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 55: —

> "A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
> Whose unavoided eye is murtherous," etc.

49. *Those eyes.* That is, Romeo's.

51. *Determine of.* Decide. Cf. 2 *Hen IV.* iv. 1. 164: —

> "To hear and absolutely to determine
> Of what conditions we shall stand upon."

See also *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 181, *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 2, etc.

53. *God save the mark!* An exclamation of uncertain origin, commonly = saving your reverence, but sometimes, as here = God have mercy! Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 56. So *God bless the mark!* in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 25, *Oth.* i. 1. 33, etc.

56. *Gore-blood.* Clotted blood. Forby remarks that the combination is an East-Anglian provincialism. Halliwell-Phillipps cites Vicars, trans. of *Virgil*, 1632: "Whose hollow wound vented much black gore-bloud." *Swounded* is the reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "sounded," "swouned," and "swooned." In *R. of L.* 1486 we have "swounds" rhyming with "wounds."

57. *Bankrupt.* The early eds. have "banckrout" or "bankrout," as often in other passages and other writers of the time.

64. *Contrary.* The adjective is accented by S. on the first or second syllable. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 221, etc. For the verb, see on i. 5. 87 above.

73. *O serpent heart*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 5. 66: —

> " look like the innocent flower,
> But be the serpent under it."

Mrs. Jameson remarks on this passage: "This highly figurative and antithetical exuberance of language is defended by Schlegel on strong and just grounds; and to me also it appears natural, however critics may argue against its taste or propriety. The warmth and vivacity of Juliet's fancy, which plays like a light over every part of her character — which animates every line she utters — which kindles every thought into a picture, and clothes her emotions in visible images, would naturally, under strong and unusual excitement, and in the conflict of opposing sentiments, run into some extravagance of diction." Cf. i. 1. 168 fol. above.

83. *Was ever book*, etc. Cf. i. 3. 66 above.

84. *O, that deceit*, etc. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 468: "If the ill spirit have so fair a house," etc.

86, 87. Mr. Fleay improves the metre by a slight transposition, which Marshall adopts: —

> " No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,
> All perjur'd, all dissemblers, all forsworn; "

which may be what S. wrote.

Naught = worthless, bad. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 157, *Hen. V.* i. 2. 73, etc. The word in this sense is usually spelt *naught* in the early eds., but *nought* when = nothing. *Dissemblers* is here a quadrisyllable. See p. 159 above.

90. *Blister'd*, etc. "Note the Nurse's mistake of the mind's audible struggle with itself for its decisions *in toto*" (Coleridge).

92. *Upon his brow*, etc. Steevens quotes Paynter: "Is it possible that under such beautie and rare comelinesse, disloyaltie and treason may have their siedge and lodging?" The image of shame *sitting* on the brow is not in Brooke's poem.

98. *Poor my lord.* Cf. "sweet my mother," iii. 5. 198 below.

The figurative meaning of *smooth* is sufficiently explained by the following *mangle*. Cf. i. 5. 98 above, and see Brooke's poem : —

> "Ah cruell murthering tong, murthrer of others fame :
> How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name ?
> * * * * * * *
> Whether shall he (alas) poore banishd man, now flye ?
> What place of succor shall he seeke beneth the starry skye ?
> Synce she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong :
> That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong."

108. *Worser*. Cf. ii. 3. 29 above. S. uses it often, both as adjective and adverb.

112. *Banished*. Note how the trisyllabic pronunciation is emphatically repeated in this speech ; as in Romeo's in the next scene (19–50).

116. *Sour woe delights*, etc. That is, "misfortunes never come single." Cf. *Ham*. iv. 5. 78 : —

> "When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
> But in battalions."

117. *Needly will*. Needs must. *Needly* was not coined by S., as some have supposed, being found in *Piers Plowman* and other early English. He uses it only here.

120. *Modern*. Trite, commonplace ; the only meaning of the word in S. See *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 156, *Macb*. iv. 3. 170, etc.

121. *Rearward*. Cf. *Sonn*. 90. 6 : —

> "Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
> Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe "—

(that is, to attack me anew) ; and *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 128 : —

> "Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
> Strike at thy life."

The metaphor is a military one, referring to a rear-guard or reserve which follows up the attack of the vanguard or of the main army.

126. *Sound*. Utter, express ; or "'to sound as with a plummet'

is possible" (Dowden). *That word's death* = the death implied in that word.

130. *Wash they*, etc. That is, let them wash, etc. Some eds. put an interrogation mark after *tears*, as the 2d quarto does.

137. *Wot.* Know; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*.

SCENE III. — 1. *Fearful.* Full of fear, afraid; Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 101, 165, etc.

2. *Parts.* Gifts, endowments. Cf. iii. 5. 181 below: "honourable parts."

6. *Familiar.* A quadrisyllable here.

7. *Sour company.* Cf. "sour woe" in iii. 2. 116 above, "sour misfortune" in v. 3. 82 below, etc. The figurative sense is a favourite one with S.

10. *Vanish'd.* A singular expression, which Massinger has imitated in *The Renegado*, v. 5: "Upon those lips from which those sweet words vanish'd." In *R. of L.* 1041 the word is used of the breath.

20. *Exile.* For the variable accent (cf. 13 above and 43 below), see on iii. 1. 190.

26. *Rush'd aside the law.* Promptly eluded or contravened the law. The expression is peculiar, and may be corrupt. "Push'd" and "brush'd" have been suggested as emendations.

28. *Dear mercy.* True mercy. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 129: "A dear happiness to women," etc.

29. *Heaven is here*, etc. "All deep passions are a sort of atheists, that believe no future" (Coleridge).

33. *Validity.* Value, worth. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 192: —

> "O, behold this ring,
> Whose high respect and rich validity
> Did lack a parallel."

See also *T. N.* i. 1. 12 and *Lear*, i. 1. 83.

34. *Courtship.* Courtesy, courtliness (as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 363 : "Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state," etc.); with the added idea of privilege of courting or wooing. For a similar blending of the two meanings, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 364.

38. *Who.* Cf. i. 1. 109 and i. 4. 97 above.

42. *Free men.* Bitterly sarcastic.

45. *Mean.* Often used by S. in the singular, though oftener in the plural. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 89 : —

> "Yet nature is made better by no mean,
> But nature makes that mean," etc.

See also v. 3. 240 below.

48. *Howling.* For the association with *hell*, cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 374 and *Ham.* v. 1. 265.

49. *Confessor.* For the accent, see on ii. 6. 21 above.

52. *Fond* = foolish; as often in S. Cf. iv. 5. 78 below.

55. *Adversity's sweet milk.* Cf. *Macb.* iv. 3. 98: "the sweet milk of concord," etc.

59. *Displant.* Transplant. S. uses the word only here and in *Oth.* ii. 1. 283: "the displanting of Cassio."

60. *Prevails.* Avails. Cf. *unprevailing* in *Ham.* i. 2. 107.

62. *When that.* This use of *that* as a "conjunctional affix" is common. Cf. ii. 6. 25 above.

63. *Dispute.* That is, reason. The verb is used transitively in a similar sense in *W. T.* iv. 4. 411 and *Macb.* iv. 3. 220.

70. *Taking the measure*, etc. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 6. 2: "Here lie I down, and measure out my grave."

77. *Simpleness.* Folly. Elsewhere = simplicity, innocence; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 70, *M. N. D.* v. 1. 83, etc. Cf. *simple* in ii. 5. 38 and iii. 1. 35.

85. *O woful sympathy*, etc. The early eds. give this speech to the Nurse. Farmer transferred it to the Friar, and is followed by most of the modern eds.

90. *O.* Grief, affliction. In *Lear*, i. 4. 212, it means a cipher.

It is also used for anything circular; as marks of small-pox (*L. L. L.* v. 2. 45), stars (*M. N. D.* iii. 2. 188), a theatre (*Hen. V.* prol. 13), and the earth (*A. and C.* v. 2. 81).

94. *Old.* Practised, experienced. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 254, v. 2. 552, *T. and C.* i. 2. 128, ii. 2. 75, etc.

98. *My conceal'd lady.* Not known to the world as my wife. *Conceal'd* is accented on the first syllable because before the noun.

103. *Level.* Aim; as in *Sonn.* 117. 11: "the level of your frown;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 2: "the level Of a full-charg'd confederacy," etc. Cf. the use of the verb in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 239, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 202, etc.

106. *Anatomy.* Contemptuous for body; as in *T. N.* iii. 2. 67.

108. *Hold thy desperate hand!* etc. Up to this point, as Marshall remarks, the Friar "treats Romeo's utter want of self-control with a good-humoured tolerance. . . . It is only when the young man's passion threatens to go to the point of violating the law of God and man that he speaks with the authority of a priest, and in the tone of stern rebuke. This speech is a most admirable composition, full of striking good sense, eloquent reasoning, and noble piety."

109. *Art thou*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

> "Art thou quoth he a man? thy shape saith, so thou art:
> Thy crying and thy weping eyes, denote a womans hart.
> For manly reason is quite from of [off] thy mynd outchased,
> And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed.
> So that I stoode in doute this howre (at the least)
> If thou a man, or woman wert, or els a brutish beast."

113. *Ill-beseeming.* Cf. i. 5. 76 above.

115. *Better temper'd.* Of better temper or quality. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 115: "the best temper'd courage in his troops."

118. *Doing damned hate.* Cf. v. 2. 20 below: "do much danger," etc.

119. *Why rail'st thou*, etc. Malone remarks that Romeo has

not here railed on his birth, etc., though in Brooke's poem he does: —

"And then, our Romeus, with tender handes ywrong:
With voyce, with plaint made horce, wt sobs, and with a foltring tong,
Renewd with nouel mone the dolours of his hart,
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde, his store of inward smart,
Fyrst nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his ioyes had been so scant, and sorrowes aye so ryfe:
The time and place of byrth, he fiersly did reproue,
He cryed out (with open mouth) against the starres aboue," etc.

In his reply the Friar asks: —

"Why cryest thou out on loue? why doest thou blame thy fate?
Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost thou hate?"

122. *Wit.* See on i. 4. 47 above.

127. *Digressing.* Deviating, departing. It is = transgressing in *Rich. II.* v. 3. 66: "thy digressing son."

132. *Like powder*, etc. See on ii. 6. 10 above. Steevens remarks: "The ancient English soldiers, using match-locks instead of flints, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flask* in which they kept their powder."

134. *And thou*, etc. And thou torn to pieces with thine own means of defence.

144. *Pout'st upon.* Cf. *Cor.* v. 1. 52: "We pout upon the morning."

151. *Blaze.* Make public. Cf. *blazon* in ii. 6. 26 above, and *emblaze* in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 76.

154. *Lamentation.* Metrically five syllables.

157. *Apt unto.* Inclined to, ready for. Cf. iii. 1. 32 above.

166. *Here stands*, etc. "The whole of your fortune depends on this" (Johnson). Cf. ii. 3. 93 and ii. 4. 34 above.

171. *Good hap.* Piece of good luck. Cf. ii. 2. 190 above.

174. *So brief to part.* To part so soon.

Scene IV. — 11. *Mew'd up.* Shut up. Cf. *T of S.* i. 1. 87, 188, etc. *Mew* originally meant to moult, or shed the feathers; and as hawks were then shut up, it got the secondary sense it has here.

12. *Desperate.* Overbold, venturesome.

23. *Keep no great ado.* Elsewhere in S. the phrase is, as now, *make ado.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 31, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 223, *Hen. VIII.* v. 3. 159, etc.

25. *Held him carelessly.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 109: "I hold thee reverently;" *Id.* ii. i. 102: "held thee dearly," etc.

28. *And there an end.* Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 65, ii. 1. 168, *Rich. II.* v. 1. 69, etc.

32. *Against.* Cf. iv. 1. 113 below: "against thou shalt awake."

34. *Afore me.* "By my life, by my soul" (Schmidt). Cf. *Per.* ii. 1. 84: "Now, afore me, a handsome fellow!" So *before me*, as in *T. N.* ii. 3. 194, *Oth.* iv. 1. 149, etc.

35. *By and by.* Presently. See on ii. 2. 151 above.

Scene V. — *Juliet's Chamber.* The scene is variously given by the editors as "The Garden," "Anti-room of Juliet's Chamber," "Loggia to Juliet's Chamber," "An open Gallery to Juliet's Chamber overlooking the Orchard," "Juliet's Bedchamber; a Window open upon the Balcony," "Capulet's Orchard," etc. As Malone remarks, Romeo and Juliet probably appeared in the balcony at the rear of the old English stage. "The scene in the poet's eye was doubtless the large and massy projecting balcony before one or more windows, common in Italian palaces and not unfrequent in Gothic civil architecture. The *loggia*, an open gallery, or high terrace [see cut on p. 85], communicating with the upper apartments of a palace, is a common feature in Palladian architecture, and would also be well adapted to such a scene" (Verplanck).

4. *Nightly.* It is said that the nightingale, if undisturbed, sits and sings upon the same tree for many weeks together (Steevens). This is because the male bird sings near where the female is sitting. "The preference of the nightingale for the *pomegranate* is un-

questionable. 'The nightingale sings from the pomegranate groves in the daytime,' says Russel in his account of Aleppo. A friend . . . informs us that throughout his journeys in the East he never heard such a choir of nightingales as in a row of pomegranate-trees that skirt the road from Smyrna to Boudjia" (Knight).

8. *Lace.* Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 118: "His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood;" *Cymb.* ii. 2. 22:—

"white and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct," etc.

See on ii. 4. 44 above. We have the word used literally in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 20: "laced with silver." On *the severing clouds*, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 103:—

"yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day;"[1]

and *Much Ado*, v. 3. 25: "Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey."

9. *Night's candles*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 5.: "Their candles are all out." See also *M. of V.* v. 1. 220 and *Sonn.* 21. 12.

13. *Some meteor*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 351: "My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?" and *Id.* v. 1. 19: "an exhal'd meteor."

14. *Torch-bearer.* See on i. 4. 11 above.

[1] At the meeting of the new Shakspere Society, Oct. 11, 1878, the chairman read a paper by Mr. Ruskin on the word *fret* in this passage, The following is from the report in the London *Academy*:—

"*Fret* means primarily the rippling of the cloud — as sea by wind; secondarily, the breaking it asunder for light to come through. It implies a certain degree of vexation, some dissolution, much order, and extreme beauty. The reader should have seen 'Daybreak,' and think what is broken and by what. The cloud of night is broken up, by Day, which breaks out, breaks in, as from heaven to earth, with a breach in the cloud wall of it. The thing that the day breaks up is partly a garment *rent*, the blanket of the dark torn to be peeped through. . . ."

19. *Yon grey.* See on ii. 4. 44 above.

20. *The pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.* That is, the pale light of the moon shining through or reflected from the breaking clouds. *Brow* is put for face, as in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 11: "Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt," etc. Some critics have thought that a setting moon was meant; but only a rising moon could light up "the severing clouds" in the way described. The *reflection* (if we take *reflex* in that literal sense) is from their *edges*, as the light from behind falls upon them. Have these critics never seen —

> "a sable cloud
> Turn forth her silver lining on the night"

when the moon was behind it?

21. *Nor that is not.* Double negatives are common in S.

22. *The vaulty heaven.* Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 52: "the vaulty top of heaven;" and *R. of L.* 119: "her vaulty prison" (that is, Night's).

29. *Division.* "The breaking of a melody, or its descant, into small notes. The modern musician would call it variation" (Elson). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 210: —

> "Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
> With ravishing division, to her lute."

The word is a quadrisyllable here.

31. *The lark*, etc. The toad having beautiful eyes, and the lark very ugly ones, it was a popular tradition that they had changed eyes. (Warburton).

33. *Affray.* Startle from sleep; as Chaucer in *Blaunche the Duchess* (296) is *affrayed* out of his sleep by "smale foules" (Dowden).

34. *Hunt's-up.* The tune played to wake and collect the hunters (Steevens). Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion:* "But hunts-up to the morn the feather'd sylvans sing;" and again in *Third Eclogue:* "Time plays the hunts-up to thy sleepy head." We have the full form in

T. A. ii. 2. 1: "The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey." The term was also applied to any morning song, and especially one to a new-married woman. Cotgrave (ed. 1632) defines *resveil* as "a Hunts-up, or morning song, for a new-maried wife, the day after the mariage."

43. *My lord*, etc. From 1st quarto; the other quartos and 1st folio have "love, Lord, ay husband, friend," for which Dowden reads: "love-lord, ay, husband-friend." *Friend* was sometimes = lover; as in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 72, *Oth.* iv. 1. 3, *A. and C.* iii. 12. 22, *Cymb.* i. 4. 74, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem, where Juliet referring to Romeo, says: —

"For whom I am becomme vnto my selfe a foe,
Disdayneth me, his steadfast frend, and scornes my frendship so;"

and of their parting the poet says: —

"With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leaue do take;
They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady friendship shake."

44. *Day in the hour.* The hyperbole is explained by what follows.

53. *I have an ill-divining soul.* "This miserable prescience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumstance particularly beautiful. The same kind of warning from the mind Romeo seems to have been conscious of, on his going to the entertainment at the house of Capulet" (Steevens). See i. 4. 48 and 103 fol. above.

54. *Below.* From 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "so lowe," which is preferred by some of the modern editors.

58. *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.* An allusion to the old notion that sorrow and sighing exhaust the blood. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 97, *Ham.* iv. 7. 123, *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 78, etc.

65. *Down.* Lying down, abed (Dowden).

66. *Procures her.* Leads her to come. Cf. ii. 2. 145 above. See also *M. W.* iv. 6. 48: "procure the vicar To stay for me," etc.

67. *Why, how now, Juliet!* Mrs. Jameson remarks: "In the dialogue between Juliet and her parents, and in the scenes with

the Nurse, we seem to have before us the whole of her previous education and habits: we see her, on the one hand, kept in severe subjection by her austere parents; and, on the other, fondled and spoiled by a foolish old nurse — a situation perfectly accordant with the manners of the time. Then Lady Capulet comes sweeping by with her train of velvet, her black hood, her fan, and rosary — the very beau-ideal of a proud Italian matron of the fifteenth century, whose offer to poison Romeo, in revenge for the death of Tybalt, stamps her with one very characteristic trait of the age and the country. Yet she loves her daughter, and there is a touch of remorseful tenderness in her lamentations over her, which adds to our impression of the timid softness of Juliet and the harsh subjection in which she has been kept."

69. *Wash him from his grave*, etc. The hyperbole may remind us of the one in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 166 fol.

72. *Wit.* See on iii. 3. 122 above.

73. *Feeling.* Heartfelt. Cf. "feeling sorrows" in *W. T.* iv. 2. 8 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 226.

82. *Like he.* The inflections of pronouns are often confounded by S.

84. *Ay, madam*, etc. Johnson remarks that "Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind disturbed by the loss of a new lover." To this Clarke well replies: "It appears to us that, on the contrary, the evasions of speech here used by the young girl-wife are precisely those that a mind, suddenly and sharply awakened from previous inactivity, by desperate love and grief, into self-conscious strength, would instinctively use. Especially are they exactly the sort of shifts and quibbles that a nature rendered timid by stinted intercourse with her kind, and by communion limited to the innocent confidences made by one of her age in the confessional, is prone to resort to, when first left to itself in difficulties of situation and abrupt encounter with life's perplexities."

87. *In Mantua*, etc. No critic, so far as I am aware, has noted the slip of which S. is guilty here. Romeo is said to be *living* in

Mantua, but an hour has hardly elapsed since he started for that city; and how can the lady know of the plan for his going there which was secretly suggested by the friar the afternoon before?

89. *Shall give.* The ellipsis of the relative is not uncommon.

92. *I never shall be satisfied*, etc. Daniel remarks: "The several interpretations of which this ambiguous speech is capable are, I suppose: 1. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo; 2. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him; 3. I never shall be satisfied with Romeo till I behold him dead; 4. Till I behold him, dead is my poor heart; 5. Dead is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vext."

96. *Temper.* Compound, mix. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 339: "It is a poison temper'd by himself;" *Cymb.* v. 250: "To temper poisons for her," etc.

97. *That.* *So* that; as often. *Receipt* is not elsewhere applied by S. to the *receiving* of food or drink, though it is used of *what is received* in *R. of L.* 703 and *Cor.* i. 1. 116.

100. *Cousin.* Some editors add "Tybalt" (from 2d folio) to fill out the measure.

104. *Needy.* Joyless. The word is = needful in *Per.* i. 4. 95: "needy bread."

105. *They.* S. makes *tidings*, like *news* (cf. ii. 5. 22 with ii. 5. 35), either singular or plural. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 155: "That tidings;" *Id.* v. 3. 54: "These tidings," etc.

108. *Sorted out.* Cf. 1. *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 27: "I 'll sort some other time to visit you," etc.

109. *Nor I look'd not.* See on iii. 5. 21 above.

110. *In happy time.* Schmidt explains this as here = "*à propos*, pray tell me." Elsewhere it is = just in time; as in *A. W.* v. 1. 6, *Ham.* v. 2. 214, *Oth.* iii. 1. 32, etc.

113. *County.* See on i. 3. 83 above.

120. *I swear.* Collier thinks these words "hardly consistent with Juliet's character;" but, as Ulrici remarks, "they seem necessary in order to show her violent excitement, and thereby explain her

conduct." They appear to crowd the measure, but possibly "I will not marry yet" ("I 'll not marry yet") may count only as two feet.

122. *These are news.* See on 105 above.

125. *The air.* The reading of the 4th and 5th quartos; the other early eds. have "the earth," which is adopted by many editors. Hudson remarks: "This is scientifically true; poetically, it would seem better to read *air* instead of *earth.*" It happens, however, that science and poetry agree here; for it is the watery vapour in the *air* that is condensed into dew. Malone, who also says that the reading *earth* is "philosophically true," cites *R. of L.* 1226: "But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set;" but this only means that the earth is wet with dew. To speak of the earth as *drizzling* dew is nonsense; we might as well say that it "drizzles rain" (*Much Ado*, iii. 3. 111). Elsewhere S. refers to the "falling" dew; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 285, *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 57, *Cymb.* v. 5. 351, etc.

128. *Conduit.* Probably alluding to the human figures that spouted water in fountains. Cf. *R. of L.* 1234: —

> "A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
> Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling."

See also *W. T.* v. 2. 60.

129–136. *Evermore . . . body.* This long-drawn "conceit" is evidently from the first draught of the play.

134. *Who.* See on i. 1. 109 above.

138. *She will none.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 169: "Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none," etc.

140. *Take me with you.* Let me understand you. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 506: "I would your grace would take me with you; whom means your grace?"

143. *Wrought.* "Not = induced, prevailed upon, but brought about, effected" (Schmidt). Cf. *Henry VIII.* iii. 2. 311: "You wrought to be a delegate;" *Cor.* ii. 3. 254: "wrought To be set high in place," etc.

144. *Bridegroom.* The 2d quarto has "Bride." This was used of both sexes in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but S. never makes it masculine. The *New Eng. Dict.* quotes Sylvester, *Du Bartas* (1598): "Daughter dear . . . Isis bless thee and thy Bride," etc.

148. *Chop-logic.* Sophist; used by S. only here.

150. *Minion.* Originally = favourite, darling (as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 98, *Macb.* i. 2. 19, etc.), then a spoiled favourite, and hence a pert or saucy person.

151. *Thank me no thankings,* etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 87: "Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle," etc.

152. *Fettle.* Prepare, make ready. It is the reading of the quartos and 1st folio; the later folios have "settle," which may be what S. wrote. He does not use *fettle* elsewhere, and the long *s* and *f* were easily confounded in printing.

155. *Out,* etc. "Such was the indelicacy of the age of S. that authors were not contented only to employ these terms of abuse in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their versions of the most chaste and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurst, the translator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas *hedge-brat, cullion,* and *tar-breech* in the course of one speech. Nay, in the interlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene,* 1567, Mary Magdalene says to one of her attendants, '*Horeson,* I beshrowe your heart, are you here?'" (Steevens).

164. *Lent.* The 1st quarto has "sent," which some editors adopt. Clarke thinks it may be a misprint for "left," as Capulet (i. 2. 14) speaks as if he had had other children; but S. is careless in these minor matters. See on i. 5. 30 and v. 3. 207.

167. *Hilding.* See on ii. 4. 43 above.

171. *God ye god-den.* See on i. 2. 57 above.

172. *Peace.* Theobald repeated the word for the sake of the measure. *Peace* may perhaps be metrically a dissyllable, as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 70.

175–177. *God's bread!* etc. The text of the early eds. is evidently corrupt here. The reading in the text is Malone's, and perhaps gives very nearly what S. wrote on the revision of the play.

181. *Stuff'd*, etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 56: "stuffed with all honourable virtues," etc. For *parts*, cf. iii. 3. 2 above.

184. *Mammet.* Puppet, doll. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 95: "To play with mammets." The word is also written *mawmet*, and is a contraction of *Mahomet. In her fortune's tender* = when good fortune presents itself. Cf. iii. 4. 12 above.

189. *Use.* See on ii. chor. 10 above.

190. *Lay hand on heart, advise.* Consider it seriously. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

"Aduise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,
And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynd to breake my vowe."

198. *Sweet my mother.* Cf. iii. 2. 98: "Ah, poor my lord," etc.

209. *Should practise stratagems*, etc. Should, as it were, entrap me into so painful and perplexing a situation. Schmidt makes *stratagem* sometimes = "anything amazing and appalling," and cites this passage as an instance.

212. *Faith, here 't is*, etc. S. here follows Brooke: —

"She setteth foorth at large the fathers furious rage,
And eke she prayseth much to her the second mariage;
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more,
By wrong, then she her selfe by right had Romeus praysde before," etc.

Mrs. Jameson remarks: "The old woman, true to her vocation, and fearful lest her share in these events should be discovered, counsels her to forget Romeo and marry Paris; and the moment which unveils to Juliet the weakness and baseness of her confidante is the moment which reveals her to herself. She does not break into upbraidings; it is no moment for anger; it is incredulous amazement, succeeded by the extremity of scorn and abhorrence, which takes possession of her mind. She assumes at once

and asserts all her own superiority, and rises to majesty in the strength of her despair."

220. *Green.* We have green eyes again in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 342 : "His eyes were green as leeks." Cf. *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, v. 1 : "With that rare green eye." Clarke remarks : "The brilliant touch of green visible in very light hazel eyes, and which gives wonderful clearness and animation to their look, has been admiringly denoted by various poets from time immemorial." In a sonnet by Drummond of Hawthornden, the gods are represented as debating of what colour a beauty's eyes shall be. Mars and Apollo vote for black : —

> "Chaste Phœbe spake for purest azure dyes,
> But Jove and Venus green about the light,
> To frame thought best, as bringing most delight,
> That to pin'd hearts hope might for aye arise."

Cf. Longfellow, *The Spanish Student :* "Ay, soft emerald eyes ;" and again : —

> "in her tender eyes
> Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
> In evening skies."

In a note on the former passage, the poet says : "The Spaniards, with good reason, consider this colour of the eyes as beautiful, and celebrate it in song. . . . Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds (*Purgat.* xxxi. 116). Lami says in his *Annotazioni*, 'Erano i suoi occhi d' un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare.'"

221. *Beshrew.* See on ii. 5. 52 above.

225. *Here.* Not referring to Verona, but = "in this world" (Johnson).

233. *Ancient damnation.* The abstract for the concrete, explained by what follows. Steevens cites *The Malcontent*, 1604 : "out, you ancient damnation !"

234. *Is it more sin*, etc. Mrs. Jameson remarks : "It appears to me an admirable touch of nature, considering the master-passion which, at this moment, rules in Juliet's soul, that she is as much shocked by the nurse's dispraise of her lover as by her wicked, time-serving advice. This scene is the crisis in the character ; and henceforth we see Juliet assume a new aspect. The fond, impatient, timid girl puts on the wife and the woman : she has learned heroism from suffering, and subtlety from oppression. It is idle to criticise her dissembling submission to her father and mother ; a higher duty has taken place of that which she owed to them ; a more sacred tie has severed all others. Her parents are pictured as they are, that no feeling for them may interfere in the slightest degree with our sympathy for the lovers. In the mind of Juliet there is no struggle between her filial and her conjugal duties, and there ought to be none."

236. *Compare*. See on ii. 5. 43 above.

ACT IV

Scene I. — 3. *And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.* Paris here seems to say the opposite of what he evidently means, and various attempts have been made to explain away the inconsistency. It appears to be one of the peculiar cases of "double negative" discussed by Schmidt in his Appendix, p. 1420, though he does not give it there. "The idea of negation was so strong in the poet's mind that he expressed it in more than one place, unmindful of his canon that 'your four negatives make your two affirmatives.'" Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 142 : —

> "You less know how to value her desert
> Than she to scant ["slack" in quartos] her duty ; "

that is, you are more inclined to depreciate her than she to scant her duty.

5. *Uneven.* Indirect. Cf. the use of *even* in *Ham.* ii. 2. 298 : "be even and direct with me," etc. Sometimes the word is = perplexing, embarrassing ; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 50 : "uneven and unwelcome news," etc.

11. *Marriage.* A trisyllable here ; as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 13, etc. So also in the quotation from Brooke in note on iii. 5. 212 above.

13. *Alone.* When alone ; opposed to *society* below.

16. *Slow'd.* The only instance of the verb in S.

18–36. This part of the scene evidently came from the first draft of the play.

20. *That may be must be.* That *may be* of yours must be.

29. *Abus'd.* Marred, disfigured.

31. *Spite.* Cf. i. 5. 64 above.

38. *Evening mass.* Ritson and others say that Juliet means *vespers*, as there is no such thing as *evening mass ;* and Staunton expresses surprise that S. has fallen into this error, since he elsewhere shows a familiarity with the usages of the Roman Catholic Church. It is the critics who are in error, not S. Walafrid Strabo (*De Rebus Eccles.* xxiii.) says that, while the time for mass is regularly before noon, it is sometimes celebrated in the evening ("aliquando *ad vesperam* "). Amalarius, Bishop of Trèves (*De Eccles. Off.* iv. 40), specifies Lent as the season for this hour. The *Generales Rubricæ* allow this at other times in the year. In Winkles's *French Cathedrals*, we are told that, on the occasion of the marriage of Henrietta of France, daughter of Henry IV., with the Duke of Chevreuse, as proxy for Charles I. of England, celebrated in Notre Dame at Paris, May 11, 1625, "mass was celebrated in the evening." See *Notes and Queries* for April 29 and June 3, 1876; also M'Clintock and Strong's *Biblical Cyclopædia*, under *Mass.*

40. *We must entreat*, etc. We must beg you to leave us to ourselves. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 71 : —

> "Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
> An hour of revels with them."

41. *God shield.* God forbid. Cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 74: "God shield you mean it not." So "Heaven shield," in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 141, etc. *Devotion* is here a quadrisyllable.

45. *Past cure*, etc. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care."

48. *Prorogue.* See on ii. 2. 78 above.

54. *This knife.* It was the custom of the time in Italy as in Spain for ladies to wear daggers at their girdles.

57. *The label.* The seal appended by a slip to a deed, according to the custom of the day. In *Rich. II.* v. 2. 56, the Duke of York discovers, by the depending seal, a covenant which his son has made with the conspirators. In *Cymb.* v. 5. 430, *label* is used for the deed itself.

62. *Extremes.* Extremities, sufferings. Cf. *R. of L.* 969: —

> "Devise extremes beyond extremity,
> To make him curse this cursed crimeful night."

The meaning of the passage is, "This knife shall decide the struggle between me and my distresses" (Johnson).

64. *Commission.* Warrant, authority. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 279: "you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry."

66. *Be not so long to speak.* So slow to speak. Clarke remarks here: "The constraint, with sparing speech, visible in Juliet when with her parents, as contrasted with her free outpouring flow of words when she is with her lover, her father confessor, or her nurse — when, in short, she is her natural self and at perfect ease — is true to characteristic delineation. The young girl, the very young girl, the girl brought up as Juliet has been reared, the youthful Southern maiden, lives and breathes in every line by which S. has set her before us."

78. *Yonder.* Ulrici "cannot perceive why Juliet must designate a particular, actual tower, since all that follows is purely imaginary;" but to me the reference to a tower in sight seems both

forcible and natural, and the transition to imaginary ordeals is equally natural.

83. *Reeky.* Reeking with foul vapours, or simply = foul, as if soiled with smoke or *reek.* Cf. *reechy* (another form of the same word) in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 143, *Ham.* iii. 4. 184, etc.

93. *Take thou this vial*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

"Receiue this vyoll small and keepe it as thine eye;
And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
Fill it with water full vp to the very brim,
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and lim
A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispred at length
On all thy partes, from euery part reue all thy kindly strength;
Withouten mouing thus thy ydle parts shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodain chaunce;
The corps then will they bring to graue in this church yarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparde,
Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,[1]
Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night."

97. *Surcease.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1766: "If they surcease to be that should survive;" and *Cor.* iii. 2. 121: "Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth." For the noun, see *Macb.* i. 7. 74.

100. *Paly.* Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 8: "paly flames;" and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 141: "his paly lips."

105. *Two and forty hours.* It is difficult to make this period agree with the time of the events that follow. Maginn would read "two and fifty hours;" and "two and thirty" has been sug-

[1] For the rhyme of *after* and *daughter*, cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 245, 246, *W. T.* iv. 1. 27, 28, and *Lear*, i. 4. 341, 344.

gested, which is more in accordance with the dates given in the play. In iv. 1. 90 the Friar says to Juliet: —

" *Wednesday* is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone," etc.

This agrees with the preceding dates. The conversation in iii. 4 is late on Monday evening (cf. lines 5 and 18), and Lady Capulet's talk with Juliet about marrying Paris (iii. 5. 67 fol.) is early the next (Tuesday) morning. The visit to the Friar is evidently on the same day; and the next scene (iv. 2) is in the evening of that day. Juliet comes home and tells her father that she has been to the Friar's, and is ready to marry Paris. The old man at once decides to have the wedding "to-morrow morning" (that is, Wednesday) instead of Thursday. Lady Capulet objects, but finally yields to her husband's persistency; and so Juliet goes to her chamber, and drinks the potion on *Tuesday* evening, or twenty-four hours earlier than the Friar had directed. He of course is notified of the change in the time for the wedding, as he is to perform the ceremony, and will understand that Juliet has anticipated the time of taking the potion, and that she will wake on *Thursday* morning instead of Friday. If so, instead of extending the "two and forty hours," as Maginn does, we need rather to shorten the interval. We may suppose the time of v. 3 to be as early as three o'clock in the morning. It is summer, and before daylight. Paris and Romeo come with torches, and the Friar with a lantern. Romeo tells his servant to deliver the letter to his father "early in the morning." The night watchmen are still on duty. Since we can hardly send Juliet to bed before nine in the evening on Tuesday, *thirty* hours is the most that can be allowed for the interval, unless we add another day and accept the fifty-two of Maginn. But this does not seem required by anything in act v. — not even by the "two days buried" of v. 3. 176, for Thursday would be the second day that she had lain in the tomb. The marriage was to be early on Wednesday morning, and the funeral took its place. Balthasar "presently

took post" (v. 1. 21) to tell the news to Romeo at Mantua, less than twenty-five miles distant. He arrives before evening (cf. v. 1. 4: "all this day," which indicates the time), and Romeo at once says, "I will hence *to-night*." He has ample time to make his preparations and to reach Verona before two o'clock the next morning. He has been at the tomb only half an hour or so (v. 3. 130) before the Friar comes. It must have been near midnight (see v. 2. 23) when Friar John returned to Laurence's cell; so that, even if he had not been despatched to Mantua until that morning, he would have had time to go and return, but for his unexpected detention. I see no difficulty, therefore, in assuming that the drama closes on Thursday morning; the difficulty would be in prolonging the time to the next morning without making the action drag.

110. *In thy best robes*, etc. The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave richly dressed and with the face *uncovered* (which is not mentioned by Paynter), S. found particularly described in *Romeus and Juliet*: —

> "Now throughout Italy this common vse they haue,
> That all the best of euery stocke are earthed in one graue;
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> An other vse there is, that whosoeuer dyes,
> Borne to their church with open face vpon the beere he lyes,
> In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete."

Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 164: "They bore him barefac'd on the bier." Knight remarks that thus the maids and matrons of Italy are still carried to the tomb; and he quotes Rogers, *Italy*: —

> "And lying on her funeral couch,
> Like one asleep, her eyelids closed, her hands
> Folded together on her modest breast
> As 't were her nightly posture, through the crowd
> She came at last — and richly, gaily clad,
> As for a birthday feast."

114. *Drift.* Scheme. Cf. ii. 3. 55 above.

119. *Inconstant toy.* Fickle freak or caprice. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 5: "a fashion and a toy in blood;" *Id.* 1. 4. 75: "toys of desperation;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 156: "no jealous toy," etc. *Inconstant toy* and *womanish fear* are both from Brooke's poem: —

"Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
With manly courage arme thy selfe from heele vnto the head;
* * * * * * *
God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let [hinder] thy promesse to fulfill."

121. *Give me, give me!* Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 5: "'Give me,' quoth I."

Scene II. — 2. *Twenty cunning cooks.* Ritson says: "Twenty cooks for half a dozen guests! Either Capulet has altered his mind strangely, or S. forgot what he had just made him tell us" (iii. 4. 27). But, as Knight remarks, "Capulet is evidently a man of ostentation; but his ostentation, as is most generally the case, is covered with a thin veil of indifference." Cf. i. 5. 124: "We have a trifling foolish banquet towards."

According to an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company for 1560, the preacher was paid six shillings and twopence for his labour; the minstrel, twelve shillings; and the cook, fifteen shillings. But, as Ben Jonson tells us, a master cook is —

"a man of men
For a professor; he designs, he draws,
He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes citadels of curious fowl and fish.
* * * * * *
He is an architect, an engineer,
A soldier, a physician, a philosopher,
A general mathematician."

6. *'T is an ill cook,* etc. Cf. Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie,* 1589: —

"As the old cocke crowes so doeth the chick:
A bad cooke that cannot his owne fingers lick."

14. *Harlotry.* S. uses the noun only in this concrete sense: literally in *Oth.* iv. 2. 239; and in a loose contemptuous way, as here (= silly wench), in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 198: "a peevish, self-willed harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon." For *peevish* = foolish, childish, cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 110, *M. W.* i. 4. 14, etc.

17. *Learn'd me.* Taught myself, learned; not elsewhere used reflexively by S. Cf. iii. 2. 12 above.

18. *In disobedient opposition.* This line has but two regular accents, the others being metrical. See p. 159 above. *Opposition* has five syllables.

26. *Becomed.* Becoming. Cf. "lean-look'd" = lean-looking in *Rich. II.* ii. 4. 11, "well-spoken" in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 348, etc. We still say "well-behaved."

33. *Closet.* Chamber; as in *Ham.* ii. 1. 77, iii. 2. 344, iii. 3. 27, etc. Cf. *Matthew*, vi. 6.

34. *Sort.* Select. Cf. iii. 5. 108 above.

38. *Short in our provision.* Very feminine and housewifely! Cf. *Lear*, ii. 4. 208: —

"I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment."

41. *Deck up her.* Such transpositions are not rare in S. The 1st quarto has "prepare up him" in 45 just below.

Scene III. — 5. *Cross.* Perverse. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 214: —

"what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king?"

8. *Behoveful.* Befitting; used by S. nowhere else.

15. *Thrills.* The ellipsis is somewhat peculiar from the fact

that the relative is expressed in the next line. We should expect "thrilling" or "And almost."

23. *Lie thou there.* See on iv. 1. 54 above. Moreover, as Steevens notes, *knives*, or daggers, were part of the accoutrements of a bride. Cf. Dekker, *Match me in London*: "See at my girdle hang my wedding knives!" and *King Edward III.*, 1599: "Here by my side do hang my wedding knives," etc. Dyce remarks that the omission of the word *knife* "is peculiarly awkward, as Juliet has been addressing the vial just before;" but S. wrote for the stage, where the action would make the reference perfectly clear.

27. *Because he married me*, etc. A "female" line with two extra syllables; like v. 3. 256 below. See p. 158 above.

29. *Tried.* Proved; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 28, *Ham.* i. 3. 62, etc.

34. *Healthsome.* Wholesome; used by S. only here.

36. *Like.* Likely; as often.

39. *As in a vault*, etc. *As* is here = to wit, namely. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 25, etc.

Steevens thinks that this passage may have been suggested to S. by the ancient charnel-house (now removed) adjoining the chancel of Stratford church; but that was merely a receptacle for bones from old graves and disused tombs, while the reference here is to a family tomb still in regular use, where the body of Tybalt has just been deposited, and as Juliet knows that she also will be when supposed to be dead. S. was of course familiar with such tombs or *vaults*.

Receptacle. For the accent on the first syllable, cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 92: "O sacred receptacle of my joys!" So also in *Per.* iv. 6. 186; the only other instance of the word in S.

42. *Green.* Fresh, recent; as in *Ham.* i. 2. 2, etc.

43. *Festering.* Corrupting; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 88 and *Sonn.* 94. 14.

47. *Mandrakes'.* The plant *Atropa mandragora* (cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 130 and *A. and C.* i. 5. 4, where it is called "mandragora"), the root of which was thought to resemble the human figure, and when

torn from the earth to utter shrieks which drove those mad who heard them. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 310: "Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groans," etc. Coles, in his *Art of Simpling*, says that witches "take likewise the roots of mandrake, . . . and make thereof an ugly image, by which they represent the person on whom they intend to exercise their witchcraft." The plant was of repute also in medicine, as a soporific (see the passages noted above in which it is called *mandragora*) and for sundry other purposes. Sir Thomas More observes that "Mandragora is an herbe, as phisycions saye, that causeth folke to slepe, and therein to have many mad fantastical dreames." How the root could be got without danger is explained by Bullein, in his *Bulwark of Defence against Sicknesse*, 1575: "Therefore they did tye some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wythe a corde, and digged the earth in compasse round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terreble shriek and cry of this Mandrack. In whych cry it doth not only dye it selfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."

49. *Distraught.* Distracted. S. uses the word again in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 4: "distraught and mad with terror." Elsewhere he has *distracted* (as in *Temp.* v. i. 12, *Macb.* ii. 3. 110, etc.) or *distract* (as in *J. C.* iv. 3. 155, *Ham.* iv. 5. 2, etc.). Spenser has *distraught* often; as in *F. Q.* iv. 3. 48: "Thus whilest their minds were doubtfully distraught;" *Id.* iv. 7. 31: "His greedy throte, therewith in two distraught" (where it is = drawn apart, its original sense), etc.

58. *Romeo, I come*, etc. The 1st quarto has here the stage-direction, "*She fals vpon her bed within the Curtaines.*" The ancient stage was divided by curtains, called *traverses*, which were a substitute for sliding scenes. Juliet's bed was behind these curtains, and when they were closed in front of the bed the stage was supposed to represent the hall in Capulet's house for the next scene. When he summons the Nurse to call forth Juliet, she opens the

curtains and the scene again becomes Juliet's chamber, where she is discovered apparently dead. After the lamentations over her, the 1st quarto gives the direction, "*They all but the Nurse goe foorth, casting Rosemary on her and shutting the Curtens;*" and then follows the scene with Peter and the Musicians. The stage had no movable painted scenery.

SCENE IV. — 2. *Pastry.* That is, the room where pastry was made. Cf. *pantry* (Fr. *paneterie*, from *pain*), the place where bread is kept, etc. Staunton quotes *A Floorish upon Fancie*, 1582: —

> "Now having seene all this, then shall you see hard by
> The pastrie, mealehouse, and the roome whereas the coales do ly."

S. uses *pastry* only here. For the double meaning of the word, cf. *spicery* (Fr. *épicerie*), which was used both for the material (*Rich. III.* iv. 4. 424) and the place where it was kept.

4. *Curfew-bell.* As the curfew was rung in the evening, the only way to explain this is to assume that it means "the bell ordinarily used for that purpose" (Schmidt). In the three other instances in which S. has the word (*Temp.* v. 1. 40, *M. for M.* iv. 2. 78, *Lear*, iii. 4. 121), it is used correctly.

5. *Bak'd meats.* Pastry. S. uses the term only here and in *Ham.* i. 2. 180. Nares says that it formerly meant "a meat pie, or perhaps any other pie." He cites Cotgrave, who defines *pastisserie* as "all kind of pies or bak'd meats;" and Sherwood (English supplement to Cotgrave), who renders "bak'd meats" by *pastisserie.* Cf. *The White Devil*: —

> "You speak as if a man
> Should know what fowl is coffin'd in a bak'd meat
> Afore it is cut up;"

that is, what fowl is under the crust of the pie. *Good Angelica* perhaps means Lady Capulet, not the Nurse; and, as Dowden suggests, *Spare not the cost* seems more appropriate to the former.

It may, however, be the Nurse, who here seems to be treated as a kitchen servant — perhaps to avoid the introduction of another character.

6. *Go, you cot-quean*, etc. Several editors give this speech to Lady Capulet; on the ground that the Nurse is not present, having been sent for spices. It has also been suggested that a servant would not venture to be so impudent to her master; but, as we have seen, the Nurse is an old and petted servant who is allowed a good deal of liberty. For the same reason she may not have gone for the spices at once, but may have lingered, gossip-like, to hear what Capulet had to say. A *cot-quean* is a man who meddles with female affairs; used by S. only here.

11. *Mouse-hunt.* A woman-hunter. For *mouse* as a term of endearment, see *Ham.* iii. 4. 183, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 19, and *T. N.* i. 5. 69.

13. *Jealous-hood.* Jealousy; the abstract for the concrete; used by S. only here.

16. *Drier logs.* For the kitchen; not a slip like that in i. 5. 30.

21. *Logger-head.* Blockhead. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 204: "Ah, you whoreson loggerhead!" So *logger-headed;* as in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 128: "You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!"

Scene V. — 3. *Sweet-heart.* Accented on the last syllable; as regularly in S. (cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 94, etc.) except in *W. T.* iv. 4. 664: "take your sweet-heart's hat." Schmidt would print it as two words (as is common in the old eds.) except in this latter passage.

28. *Will not let me speak.* Malone remarks: "S. has here followed the poem closely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this scene, clamorous in his grief. In *Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long speech, but the old man utters not a word: —

"'But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so
Smit with the heauy newes, and so shut vp with sodain woe,

That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd his teares and plaint to kepe.' "

The poem may have suggested Capulet's speech; but S. is not at fault in making him afterwards find his tongue and become "clamorous in his grief." That was perfectly natural.

36. *Life, living.* There is no necessity for emendation, as some have supposed. *Living* is = means of living, possessions; as in *M. of V.* v. 1. 286: "you have given me life and living," etc.

37. *Thought.* Expected, hoped; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 236, etc.

41. *Labour.* Referring to the toilsome progress of time, as in *T. of A.* iii. 4. 8 (Delius).

44. *Catch'd.* Also used for the participle in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 69 and *A. W.* i. 3. 176; and for the past tense in *Cor.* i. 3. 68. Elsewhere S. has *caught.*

45. *O woe!* White thinks that in "this speech of mock heroic woe" S. ridicules the translation of Seneca's *Tragedies* (1581); but it is in keeping with the character. Probably this and the next two speeches belong to the early draft of the play, with much that precedes and follows.

52. *Detestable.* For the accent on the first syllable (as always in S.), cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 29, *T. of A.* iv. 1. 33, and v. 3. 45 below.

55. *Despis'd, distressed*, etc. In this line, as in 51, note the mixture of contracted and uncontracted participles.

56. *Uncomfortable.* Cheerless, joyless; the one instance of the word in S.

60. *Buried.* A trisyllable here; as in v. 3. 176 below.

61. *Confusion's.* Here, the word is = ruin, death; but in the next line it is = confused lamentations. Cf. *R. of L.* 445: "fright her with confusion of their cries."

66. *His.* Its. *Heaven* is not personified here.

67. *Promotion.* A quadrisyllable here.

72. *Well.* Often thus used of the dead. Cf. *W. T.* v. 1. 30, 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 3, *Macb.* iv. 3. 179, *A. and C.* ii. 5. 33, etc. See also v. 1. 17 below.

75. *Rosemary.* That is, the rosemary that had been brought for the wedding; for it was used at both weddings and funerals. Cf. Herrick, *The Rosemarie Branch*: —

> "Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
> Be 't for my bridall or my buriall;"

and Dekker, *Wonderful Year*: "The rosemary that was washed in sweet water to set out the bridal, is now wet in tears to furnish her burial." Cf. ii. 4. 198 above.

76. *As the custom is.* See on iv. 1. 110 above.

78. *Fond.* Foolish (cf. iii. 3. 52 above), as opposed to *reason.*

80. *All things*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

> "Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,
> And now to sorrow is retornde the ioy of euery one;
> And now the wedding weedes for mourning weedes they chaunge,
> And Hymene into a Dyrge; alas! it seemeth straunge:
> In steade of mariage gloues, now funerall gloues they haue,
> And whom they should see maried, they follow to the graue.
> The feast that should haue been of pleasure and of ioy
> Hath euery dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye."

95. *Case.* There is a play upon the other sense of the word (a case for a musical instrument); as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 844: "but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it" (that is, out of my skin).

96. *Enter Peter.* From the quartos we learn that William Kempe played the part of Peter, as he did that of Dogberry in *Much Ado.*

In explanation of the introduction of this part of the scene, Knight remarks: "It was the custom of our ancient theatre to introduce, in the irregular pauses of a play that stood in place of a division into acts, some short diversions, such as a song, a dance, or the extempore buffoonery of a clown. At this point of *R. and J.* there is a natural pause in the action, and at this point such an interlude would probably have been presented, whether S. had written one or not. . . . Will Kempe was the Liston of his day,

and was as great a popular favourite as Tarleton had been before him. It was wise, therefore, in S. to find some business for Will Kempe that should not be entirely out of harmony with the great business of his play. The scene of the musicians is very short, and, regarded as a necessary part of the routine of the ancient stage, is excellently managed. Nothing can be more naturally exhibited than the indifference of hirelings, without attachment, to a family scene of grief. Peter and the musicians bandy jokes ; and though the musicians think Peter a 'pestilent knave,' perhaps for his inopportune sallies, they are ready enough to look after their own gratification, even amidst the sorrow which they see around them. A wedding or a burial is the same to them. 'Come, we 'll in here ; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.' So S. read the course of the world — and it is not much changed."

"To our minds," says Clarke, "the intention was to show how grief and gayety, pathos and absurdity, sorrow and jesting, elbow each other in life's crowd ; how the calamities of existence fall heavily upon the souls of some, while others, standing close beside the grievers, feel no jot of suffering or sympathy. Far from the want of harmony that has been found here, we feel it to be one of those passing discords that produce richest and fullest effect of harmonious contrivance."

Furness states that in Edwin Booth's acting copy this scene of Peter and the musicians is transposed to i. 5. 17 above.

99. *Heart's ease.* A popular tune of the time, mentioned in *Misogonus*, a play by Thomas Rychardes, written before 1570.

101. *My heart is full of woe.* The burden of the first stanza of *A Pleasant new Ballad of Two Lovers :* "Hey hoe ! my heart is full of woe" (Steevens).

102. *Dump.* A mournful or plaintive song or melody. Calling it *merry* is a joke of Peter's. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 85 : "A deploring dump." See also *R. of L.* 1127.

109. *Gleek.* Scoff. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 123 : "Now where 's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks ?" *To give the gleek*

was "to pass a jest upon, to make a person ridiculous." It is impossible to say what is the joke in *give you the minstrel.* Some suppose that *gleek* suggests *gleeman*, one form of which in Anglo-Saxon was *gligman*, but no such form is found in English, if we may trust the *New Eng. Dict.* The reply of the musician may perhaps mean "that he will retort by calling Peter the servant to the minstrel" (White).

114. *I will carry no crotchets.* I will bear none of your whims; with a play on *crotchets*, as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 58. Cf. *carry coals* in i. 1. 1 above. The play on *note* is obvious.

120. *Drybeat.* See on iii. 1. 81 above. For *have at you*, cf. i. 1. 64 above.

122. *When griping grief*, etc. From a poem by Richard Edwards, in the *Paradise of Daintie Devises.* See also Percy's *Reliques.*

126. *Catling.* A small string of *catgut.* Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 306: "unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on."

132. *Pretty.* Some of the German critics are troubled by *pretty*, because Peter does not intend to praise; and irony, they say, would be out of place. It is simply a jocose patronizing expression = That 's not bad in its way, but you haven't hit it. The *rebeck* was a kind of three-stringed fiddle. Cf. Milton, *L' All.* 94: "And the jocund rebecks sound," etc.

141. *Pestilent.* Often used in an opprobrious sense; as in *Lear*, i. 4. 127: "A pestilent gall to me!" *Oth.* ii. 1. 252: "A pestilent complete knave," etc.

142. *Jack.* See on iii. 1. 12 above; and for *stay* = wait for, on ii. 5. 36.

ACT V

SCENE. I. — 1. *The flattering truth.* This is apparently = that which bears the flattering semblance of truth. It has perplexed

some of the critics, but their emendations do not better it. For *flattering* in the sense of illusive, cf. ii. 2. 141. Some have wondered that S. here makes the presentiment a hopeful one ; but as a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* (October, 1866) remarks, the presentiment was true, but Romeo did not trust it. Had he done so, his fate would not have been so tragic.

3. *My bosom's lord.* That is, my heart ; not Love, or Cupid, as some would make it. Lines 3–5 seem to me only a highly poetical description of the strange new cheerfulness and hopefulness he feels — a reaction from his former depression which is like his dream of rising from the dead an emperor.

10. *Ah me!* See on *Ay me!* ii. 1. 10 above. It may be a misprint for "Ay me!" here.

12. *Balthasar.* Always accented by S. on the first syllable. The name occurs in *C. of E.*, *Much Ado*, and *M. of V.*

17. *She is well.* See on iv. 5. 72 above.

18. *Capel's.* The early eds. have "*Capels*" ; the modern ones generally "Capels'." The singular seems better here, on account of the omission of the article ; but the plural in v. 3. 127 : "the Capels' monument." S. uses this abbreviation only twice. Brooke uses *Capel* and *Capulet* indiscriminately. See quotation in note on i. 1. 28 above.

21. *Presently.* Immediately ; the usual meaning in S. Cf. iv. 1. 54 and 95 above.

27. *Patience.* A trisyllable, as in v. 3. 221 and 261 below.

29. *Misadventure.* Mischance, misfortune ; used by S. only here and in v. 3. 188 below. *Misadventured* occurs only in prol. 7 above.

36. *In.* Into ; as often. Cf. v. 3. 34 below.

37. *I do remember*, etc. Joseph Warton objects to the detailed description here as "improperly put into the mouth of a person agitated with such passion." "But," as Knight remarks, "the mind once made up, it took a perverse pleasure in going over every circumstance that had suggested the means of mischief. All other

thoughts had passed out of Romeo's mind. He had nothing left but to die; and everything connected with the means of death was seized upon by his imagination with an energy that could only find relief in words. S. has exhibited the same knowledge of nature in his sad and solemn poem of *R. of L.*, where the injured wife, having resolved to wipe out her stain by death,

> "'calls to mind where hangs a piece
> Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy.'

She sees in that painting some fancied resemblance to her own position, and spends the heavy hours till her husband arrives in its contemplation." See *R. of L.* 1366 fol. and 1496 fol.

39. *Overwhelming.* Overhanging. Cf. *V. and A.* 183: "His lowering brows o'erwhelming his fair sight." See also *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 11. For *weeds* = garments, see *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 71, etc.

40. *Simples.* Medicinal herbs. Cf. *R. of L.* 530, *Ham.* iv. 7. 145, etc.

43. *An alligator stuff'd.* This was a regular part of the furniture of an apothecary's shop in the time of S. Nash, in his *Have With You*, etc., 1596, refers to "an apothecary's crocodile or dried alligator." Steevens says that he has met with the alligator, tortoise, etc., hanging up in the shop of an ancient apothecary at Limehouse, as well as in places more remote from the metropolis. In Dutch art, as Fairholt remarks, these marine monsters often appear in representations of apothecaries' shops.

45. *A beggarly account*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem: —

> "And seeking long (alac too soone) the thing he sought, he founde.
> An Apothecary sate vnbusied at his doore,
> Whom by his heauy countenaunce he gessed to be poore.
> And in his shop he saw his boxes were but fewe,
> And in his window (of his wares) there was so small a shew;
> Wherfore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
> What by no frendship could be got, with money should be bought;
> For nedy lacke is lyke the poore man to compell
> To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to sell.

Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the sight of glittring gold inflamed hath his hart:
Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geue them thee.
* * * * * * *
Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure this is the speeding gere,
And more there is then you shall nede for halfe of that is there
Will serue, I vnder take, in lesse than halfe an howre
To kill the strongest man aliue; such is the poysons power."

51. *Present.* Immediate; as in iv. 1. 61 above. Cf. *presently* in 21 above. Secret poisoning became so common in Europe in the 16th century that laws against the sale of poisons were made in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and other countries. Knight says: "There is no such law in our own statute-book; and the circumstance is a remarkable exemplification of the difference between English and Continental manners." But that this practice of poisoning prevailed to a considerable extent in England in the olden time is evident from the fact that in the 21st year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was passed declaring the employment of secret poisons to be high-treason, and sentencing those who were found guilty of it to be boiled to death.

60. *Soon-speeding gear.* Quick-despatching stuff. Cf. the extract from Brooke just above. For *gear*, see ii. 4. 97 above.

64. *As violently*, etc. See on ii. 6. 9 above.

67. *Any he.* Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 414: "that unfortunate he;" 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 46: "The proudest he;" *Id.* ii. 2. 97: "Or any he the proudest of thy sort," etc. *Utters them* = literally, sends them *out*, or lets them go from his possession; hence, sells them. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 16 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 330.

70. *Starveth.* That is, look out hungrily; a bold but not un-Shakespearian expression, for which Otway's "stareth" (adopted by some editors) is a poor substitution. See on i. 1. 216 above; and for the inflection, on prol. 8.

Scene II. — 4. *A barefoot brother.* Friars Laurence and John are evidently Franciscans. "In his kindness, his learning, and his

inclination to mix with and, perhaps, control the affairs of the world, he [Laurence] is no unapt representative of this distinguished order in their best days" (Knight). Warton says that the Franciscans "managed the machines of every important operation and event, both in the religious and political world."

Cf. Brooke's poem: —

> "Apace our frier Iohn to Mantua him hyes;
> And, for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse
> That friers in the towne should seeldome walke alone,
> But of theyr couent ay should be accompanide with one
> Of his profession, straight a house he fyndeth out,
> In mynde to take some frier with him, to walke the towne about."

Each friar has a companion assigned him by the superior when he asks leave to go out; and thus they are a check upon each other (Steevens).

6. *Associate me.* Accompany me. For the transitive use, cf. *T. A.* v. 3. 169: "Friends should associate friends in grief and woe."

9. *A house.* According to both the poem and the novel, this was the convent to which the "barefoot brother" belonged.

16. *Infection.* A quadrisyllable. Cf. iv. 1. 41 above.

18. *Nice.* Trifling, unimportant. See on iii. 1. 157 above. For *charge*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 261: "I have about me many parcels of charge."

19. *Dear.* Cf. v. 3. 32 below: "dear employment."

20. *Do much danger.* See on iii. 3. 118 above.

25. *This three hours.* The singular *this* is often thus used; but cf. iv. 3. 40 above: "these many hundred years;" and v. 3. 176 below: "these two days."

26. *Beshrew.* See on ii. 5. 52 above.

Scene III. — *A Churchyard*, etc. Hunter says: "It is clear that S., or some writer whom he followed, had in mind the church-

yard of Saint Mary the Old in Verona, and the monument of the Scaligers which stood in it." See the cut on p. 136, and cf. Brooke, who refers to the Italian custom of building large family tombs: —

> "For euery houshold, if it be of any fame;
> Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the housholdes name:
> Wherein (if any of that kindred hap to dye)
> They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
> The Capilets her corps in such a one dyd lay
> Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day."

At the close of the poem we are told that —

> "The bodies dead, remoued from vaulte where they did dye,
> In stately tombe, on pillers great of marble, rayse they hye.
> On euery syde aboue were set, and eke beneath,
> Great store of cunning Epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
> And euen at this day the tombe is to be seene;
> So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
> There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
> Then is the tombe of Iuliet and Romeus her knight."

See also the quotation in note on iv. 1. 93 above. Brooke's reference to the "stately tombe, on pillers great," etc., was doubtless suggested by the Tomb of the Scaligers.

3. *Lay thee all along.* That is, at full length. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 30: "As he lay along Under an oak;" *J. C.* iii. 1. 115: "That now on Pompey's basis lies along," etc.

6. *Unfirm.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 4, *T. N.* ii. 4. 34, etc. S. also uses *infirm*, as in *Macb.* ii. 2. 52, etc.

8. *Something.* The accent is on the last syllable, as Walker notes; and Marshall prints "some thing," as in the folio.

11. *Adventure.* Cf. ii. 2. 84 above.

14. *Sweet water.* Perfumed water. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 6: "call for sweet water;" and see quotation in note on iv. 5. 75 above.

20. *Cross.* Thwart, interfere with. Cf. iv. 5. 91 above.

21. *Muffle.* Cover, hide. Cf. i. 1. 168 above; and see *J. C.* iii. 2. 191, etc. Steevens intimates that it was "a low word" in his day; but, if so, it has since regained its poetical character. Tennyson uses it repeatedly; as in *The Talking Oak:* "O, muffle round thy knees with fern;" *The Princess:* "A full sea glazed with muffled moonlight;" *In Memoriam:* "muffled round with woe," etc. Milton has *unmuffle* in *Comus*, 321: "Unmuffle, ye faint stars."

32. *Dear.* See on v. 2. 19 above.

33. *Jealous.* Suspicious; as in *Lear*, v. 1. 56, *J. C.* i. 2. 71, etc.

34. *In.* Into. See on v. 1. 36 above.

37. *Savage-wild.* Cf. ii. 2. 141 above.

39. *Empty.* Hungry. Cf. *V. and A.* 55: "Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast" (see also 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 248 and 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 268); and *T. of S.* iv. 1. 193: "My falcon now is sharp and passing empty."

44. *Doubt.* Distrust; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 132, iv. 2. 13, etc.

45. *Detestable.* See on iv. 5. 52 above.

47. *Enforce.* Force; as often. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 100: "Enforce them to this place," etc.

50. *With.* Often used to express the relation of cause.

59. *Good gentle youth*, etc. "The gentleness of Romeo was shown before [iii. 1. 64 fol.] as softened by love, and now it is doubled by love and sorrow, and awe of the place where he is" (Coleridge).

68. *Conjurations.* Solemn entreaties; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 23, *Ham.* v. 2. 38, etc. Some have taken it to mean incantations. *Defy* = refuse; as in *K. John*, iii. 4. 23: "I defy all counsel," etc.

74. *Peruse.* Scan, examine. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 137: "peruse the foils," etc.

76. *Betossed.* Agitated; used by S. nowhere else.

82. *Sour.* See on iii. 3. 7 above.

84. *Lantern.* Used in the architectural sense of "a turret full of windows" (Steevens). Cf. Parker, *Glossary of Architecture:*

"In Gothic architecture the term is sometimes applied to *louvres* on the roofs of halls, etc., but it usually signifies a tower which has the whole height, or a considerable portion of the interior, open to the ground, and is lighted by an upper tier of windows; lantern-towers of this kind are common over the centre of cross churches, as at York Minster, Ely Cathedral, etc. The same name is also given to the light open erections often placed on the top of towers, as at Boston, Lincolnshire," etc. The one at Boston was used as a lighthouse *lantern* in the olden time.

86. *Presence.* Presence-chamber, state apartment; as in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 289 and *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 17.

87. *Death.* The abstract for the concrete. The *dead man* is Romeo, who is so possessed with his suicidal purpose that he speaks of himself as dead. Steevens perversely calls it one of "those miserable conceits with which our author too frequently counteracts his own pathos."

88–120. *How oft when men*, etc. "Here, here, is the master example how beauty can at once increase and modify passion" (Coleridge).

90. *A lightning before death.* "A last blazing-up of the flame of life;" a proverbial expression. Steevens quotes *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601: —

> "I thought it was a lightning before death,
> Too sudden to be certain."

Clarke notes "the mingling here of words and images full of light and colour with the murky grey of the sepulchral vault and the darkness of the midnight churchyard, the blending of these images of beauty and tenderness with the deep gloom of the speaker's inmost heart."

92. *Suck'd the honey*, etc. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 164: "That suck'd the honey of his music vows." Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*: "Death being able to divide the soule, but not the beauty from her body."

96. *Death's pale flag.* Steevens compares Daniel, *Complaint of Rosamond* : —

> " And nought-respecting death (the last of paines)
> Plac'd his pale colours (th' ensign of his might)
> Upon his new-got spoil."

97. *Tybalt*, etc. Cf. Brooke's poem : —

" Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreke desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now ?
Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,
The same with his owne hand (thou seest) doth poyson himselfe to death."

106. *Still.* Constantly, always ; as very often. Cf. 270 below.

110. *Set up my everlasting rest.* That is, remain forever. To *set up one's rest* was a phrase taken from gaming, the *rest* being the highest stake the parties were disposed to venture ; hence it came to mean to have fully made up one's mind, to be resolved. Here the form of expression seems to be suggested by the gaming phrase rather than to be a figurative example of it.

112–118. *Eyes . . . bark.* Whiter points out a coincidence between this last speech of Romeo's and a former one (i. 4. 103 fol.) in which he anticipates his misfortunes. "The ideas drawn from the *stars*, the *law*, and the *sea* succeed each other in both speeches, in the same order, though with a different application."

115. *Dateless.* Limitless, eternal. Cf. *Sonn.* 30. 6 : "death's dateless night ; " *Rich. III.* i. 3. 151 : "The dateless limit of thy dear exile," etc.

Engrossing. Malone says that the word "seems here to be used in its clerical sense." There seems to be at least a hint of that

sense, suggested by *seal* and *bargain;* but the leading meaning is that of all-seizing, or "taking the whole," as Schmidt explains it.

116. *Conduct.* See on iii. 1. 127 above. For *unsavoury*, cf. *V. and A.* 1138: "sweet beginning, but unsavoury end." Schmidt, who rarely makes such a slip, treats both of these examples as literal rather than metaphorical. The only example of the former sense in S. (not really his) is *Per.* ii. 3. 31: "All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury."

118. *Thy.* Pope substituted "my," but *thy* may be defended on the nautical principle that the pilot is the master of the ship after he takes her in charge. That seems to be Romeo's thought here; he gives up the helm to the "desperate pilot," and says, "The ship is yours, run her upon the rocks if you will."

121. *Be my speed.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 194: "Saint Denis be my speed!" *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 222: "Hercules be thy speed!" etc.

122. *Stumbled at graves.* The idea that to stumble is a bad omen is very ancient. Cicero mentions it in his *De Divinatione.* Melton, in his *Astrologaster*, 1620, says that "if a man stumbles in a morning as soon as he comes out of dores, it is a signe of ill lucke." Bishop Hall, in his *Characters*, says of the "Superstitious Man" that "if he stumbled at the threshold, he feares a mischief." Stumbling at graves is alluded to in *Whimzies, or a New Cast of Characters*, 1631: "His earth-reverting body (according to his mind) is to be buried in some cell, roach, or vault, and in no open space, lest passengers (belike) might stumble on his grave." Steevens cites 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 11 and *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 86.

127. *Capels'*. See on v. 1. 18 above.

138. *I dreamt*, etc. Steevens considers this a touch of nature: "What happens to a person under the manifest influence of fear will seem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream." It seems to me more likely that the man confuses what he saw while half asleep with what he might have dreamt.

145. *Unkind.* Usually accented on the first syllable before a noun, but otherwise on the second. This often occurs with dis-

syllabic adjectives and participles. *Unkind* and its derivatives are often used by S. in a much stronger sense than at present. In some cases, the etymological sense of *unnatural* (cf. *kind* and *kindly* = natural) seems to cling to them. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 2. 187, *Lear*, i. 1. 263, iii. 4. 73, etc.

148. *Comfortable.* Used in an active sense = ready to comfort or help; as in *A. W.* i. 1. 86, *Lear*, i. 4. 328, etc.

158. *The watch.* It has been asserted by some of the critics that there was no watch in the old Italian cities; but, however that may have been, S. follows Brooke's poem: —

"The watchemen of the towne the whilst are passed by,
And through the gates the candel light within the tombe they spye."

162. *Timeless.* Untimely. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 21: "your timeless grave;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 5: "his timeless end," etc.

163. *Drunk all, and left.* The reading of 2d quarto. The 1st has "drink . . . leave," and the folio "drink . . . left."

170. *There rest.* From 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "rust," which some editors prefer. To me *rest* seems both more poetical and more natural. That at this time Juliet should think of "Romeo's dagger, which would otherwise rust in its sheath, as rusting in her heart," is quite inconceivable. It is a "conceit" of the worst Elizabethan type.

The tragedy here ends in Booth's Acting Copy (Furness).

173. *Attach.* Arrest; as in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 6, 73, iv. 4. 6, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 156, *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 217, i. 2. 210, etc.

176. *These two days.* See on iv. 1. 105 above.

181. *Without circumstance.* Without further particulars. Cf. ii. 5. 36 above.

203. *His house.* Its sheath. See on ii. 6. 12 above.

204. *On the back.* The dagger was commonly turned behind and worn at the back, as Steevens shows by sundry quotations.

207. *Old age.* A slip which, strangely enough, no editor or com-

mentator has noticed. Furness notes no reference to it, and I find none in more recent editions. See on i. 3. 51 above.

211. *Grief of my son's exile.* Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 65: "and upon the grief of this suddenly died." For the accent of *exile*, cf. iii. 1. 190 and iii. 3. 20 above.

After this line the 1st quarto has the following: "And yong *Benuolio* is deceased too;" but, as Ulrici remarks, "the pacific, considerate Benvolio, the constant counseller of moderation, ought not to be involved in the fate which had overtaken the extremes of hate and passion."

214. *Manners.* S. makes the word either singular or plural, like *news*, *tidings* (see on iii. 5. 105 above), etc. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 2. 9, *W. T.* iv. 4. 244, etc. with *T. N.* iv. 1. 53, *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 191, etc.

216. *Outrage.* Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 126: —

> "Are you not asham'd
> With this immodest clamorous outrage
> To trouble and disturb the king and us?"

There, as here, it means a mad outcry. Dyce quotes Settle, *Female Prelate:* "Silence his outrage in a jayl, away with him!"

221. *Patience.* A trisyllable. See on v. 1. 27 above. In the next line *suspicion* is a quadrisyllable.

229. *I will be brief*, etc. Johnson and Malone criticise S. for following Brooke in the introduction of this long narrative. Ulrici well defends it as preparing the way for the reconciliation of the Capulets and Montagues over the dead bodies of their children, the victims of their hate. For *date*, see on i. 4. 105 above.

237. *Siege.* Cf. the same image in i. 1. 209.

238. *Perforce.* By force, against her will; as in *C. of E.* iv. 3. 95, *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 121, etc.

241. *Marriage.* A trisyllable. See on iv. 1. 11 above, and cf. 265 below.

247. *As this dire night.* This redundant use of *as* in statements

of time is not uncommon. Cf. *J. C.* v. 1. 72: "as this very day was Cassius born," etc.

253. *Hour.* A dissyllable; as in iii. 1. 198 above.

257. *Some minute.* We should now say "some minutes," which is Hanmer's reading. Cf. "some hour" in 268 below.

258. *Untimely.* For the adverbial use, see on iii. 1. 121 above.

270. *Still.* Always. See on 106 above.

273. *In post.* In haste, or "post-haste." Cf. v. 1. 21 above. We find "in all post" in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 73, and "all in post" in *R. of L.* 1.

276. *Going in.* See on v. 1. 36 above.

280. *What made your master?* What was your master doing? Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 3, ii. 3. 4, etc.

284. *By and by.* Presently. See on ii. 2. 151 above.

289. *Pothecary.* Generally printed "'pothecary" in the modern eds., but not in the early ones. It was a common form of the word. Cf. Chaucer, *Pardoneres Tale*:—

> "And forth he goth, no longer wold he tary,
> Into the toun unto a potecary."

Therewithal. Therewith, with it. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 90:—

> "Well, give her that ring and therewithal
> This letter," etc.

291. *Be.* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 111, v. 1. 107, etc.

295. *A brace of kinsmen.* Mercutio and Paris. For the former, see iii. 1. 112; and for the latter, iii. 5. 179 and v. 3. 75. Steevens remarks that *brace* as applied to men is generally contemptuous; as in *Temp.* v. 1. 126: "But you, my brace of lords," etc. As a parallel to the present passage, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 175: "You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither!"

305. *Glooming.* Used by S. only here. Steevens cites *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1578: "If either he gaspeth or gloometh." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 14: "A little glooming light, much like a

shade." Young uses the verb in his *Night Thoughts*, ii.: "A night that glooms us in the noontide ray."

308. *Some shall be pardoned*, etc. In the novel, Juliet's attendant is banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had acted under his master's orders; the apothecary tortured and hanged; and Friar Laurence permitted to retire to a hermitage, where he dies five years later.

APPENDIX

Concerning Arthur Brooke

Little is known of the life of Arthur Broke, or Brooke, except that he wrote *Romeus and Juliet* (1562) and the next year published a book entitled *Agreement of Sundry Places of Scripture, seeming in shew to jarre, serving in stead of Commentaryes not only for these, but others lyke;* a translation from the French. He died that same year (1563), and an *Epitaph* by George Turbervile (printed in a volume of his poems, 1567) "on the death of maister Arthur Brooke" informs us that he was "drowned in passing to Newhaven."

So far as I am aware, no editor or commentator has referred to the singular prose introduction to the 1562 edition of *Romeus and Juliet.* It is clear from internal evidence that it was written by Brooke, and it is signed "Ar. Br." — the form in which his name also appears on the title-page; but its tone and spirit are strangely unlike those of the poem. We have seen (p. 25 above) that he refers to the perpetuation of "the memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love" by the "stately tomb" of Romeo and Juliet, with "great store of cunning epitaphs in honour of their death;" but in the introduction he expresses a very different opinion of the lovers and finds a very different lesson in their fate. He says: "To this end (good Reader) is this tragical matter written, to describe unto thee a couple of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to unhonest desire, neglecting the authority and advice of parents and friends, conferring their principal counsels with drunken gossips and superstitious friars (the naturally fit instruments of unchastity), attempting all adventures of peril for the

attaining of their wicked lusts, using auricular confession (the key of whoredom and treason) for furtherance of their purpose, abusing the honourable name of lawful marriage to cloak the shame of stolen contracts; finally, by all means of unhonest life, hasting to most unhappy death." The suggestion is added that parents may do well to show the poem to their children with "the intent to raise in them an hateful loathing of so filthy beastliness."

It is curious that there is not the slightest hint of all this anywhere in the poem; not a suggestion that the love of Romeo and Juliet is not natural and pure and honest; not a word of reproach for the course of Friar Laurence. Even the picture of the Nurse, with her vulgarity and unscrupulousness, is drawn with a kind of humour.

I have quoted above (note on ii. 2. 142) what Brooke makes Juliet say to her lover in the balcony scene. In their first interview, she says: —

"You are no more your owne (deare frend) then I am yours
(My honor saved) prest tobay [to obey] your will while life endures.
Lo here the lucky lot that sild [seldom] true lovers finde:
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight doo make exchaunge of love."

And Romeo has just said: —

"For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,
To serve, obey, and honor you so long as lyfe shall last."

Of the Friar the poet says: —

"This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
For he of Frauncis order was, a fryer as I reede.
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole:
But doctor of divinitie proceeded he in schoole.

* * * * * * *

The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so woune
The townes folks harts that welnigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne.

To shrive them selfe the olde, the yong, the great and small:
Of all he is beloved well and honord much of all.
And for he did the rest in wisdome farre exceede
The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew:
A secret and assured frend unto the Montegue."

At the end of the tragic story the poet asks: —

"But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre?
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
Because that many times he woorthely did serve
The commen welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,
He was discharged quyte, and no marke of defame
Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.
But of him selfe he went into an Hermitage,
Two myles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his age;
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
Fyve yeres he lived an Hermite, and an Hermite dyd he dye."

The puzzling prose preface to the poem is followed, in the original edition, by another in verse, similarly headed "To the Reader," from which we learn that Brooke had written other poems, which with this he compares to unlicked whelps — "nought els but lumpes of fleshe withouten heare" (hair) — but *this* poem, he says, is "the eldest of them" and his "youthfull woorke." He has decided to publish it, but "The rest (unlickt as yet) a whyle shall lurke" (that is, in manuscript) —

> "Till tyme give strength to meete and match in fight
> With slaunders whelpes."

I suspect that after this poem was written he had become a Puritan, — or more rigid in his Puritanism, — but nevertheless lusted after literary fame and could not resist the temptation to publish the "youthfull woorke." But after writing the verse prologue it occurred to him — or some of his godly friends may have admonished him — that the character of the story and the manner in which

he had treated it, needed further apology or justification; and the prose preface was written to serve as a kind of "moral" to the production. After the suggestion to parents quoted above he adds: "Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall *deliver my dooing from offence*, and profit your selves. Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation then I can looke for (being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more incouraged me to publishe it, such as it is."

The reader may be surprised that Brooke refers to having seen the story "on stage;" but the Puritans did not altogether disapprove of plays that had a moral purpose. It will be remembered that Stephen Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse* (1579), excepts a few plays from the sweeping condemnation of his "plesaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like caterpillers of a Commonwelth" — among them being "*The Jew*, . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and the bloody minds of usurers," which may have anticipated Shakespeare in combining the stories of the caskets and the pound of flesh in *The Merchant of Venice*.

That Brooke was a Puritan we may infer from the religious character of the only other book (mentioned above) which he is known to have published. His death the same year probably prevented his carrying out the intention of licking the rest of his poetical progeny into shape for print.

Comments on Some of the Characters

Juliet. — Juliet is not fortunate in her parents. Her father is sixty or more years old (as we may infer from what he says in i. 5. 29 fol.), while her mother is about twenty-eight (see i. 3. 50), and must have been married when she was half that age. Her assertion that Juliet was born when she herself was "much upon

these years" of her daughter (who will be fourteen in about a fortnight, as the Nurse informs us in the same scene) is somewhat indefinite, but must be within a year or two of the exact figure. Her marriage was evidently a worldly one, arranged by her parents with little or no regard for her own feelings, much as she and her husband propose to marry Juliet to Paris.

We may infer that Capulet had not been married before, though, as he himself intimates and the lady declares (iv. 4. 11 fol.), he had been a "mouse-hunt" (given to flirtation and intrigue) in his bachelor days; and she thinks that he needs "watching" even now, lest he give her occasion for jealousy.

Neither father nor mother seems to have any marked affection for Juliet, or any interest in her welfare except to get her off their hands by what, from their point of view, is a desirable marriage. Capulet says (iii. 5. 175): —

> "God's bread! it makes me mad! Day, night, late, early,
> At home, abroad, alone, in company,
> Waking, or sleeping, still my care hath been
> To have her match'd; and having now provided
> A gentleman of noble parentage,
> Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
> Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,
> Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a man, —
> And then to have a wretched puling fool,
> A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
> To answer 'I 'll not wed; I cannot love,
> I am too young; I pray you, pardon me.'"

It is more than he can endure; and his wife, when Juliet begs her to interpose and "delay the marriage for a month, a week," refuses to "speak a word" in opposition to his determination to let her "die in the streets" if she does not marry Paris that very week. "Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee," the Lady adds, and leaves the hapless girl to her despair. A moment before she had said, "I would the fool were married to her grave!"

Earlier in the play (i. 2. 16) Capulet has said to Paris: —

> " But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
> My will to her consent is but a part;
> An she agree, within her scope of choice,
> Lies my consent and fair according voice; " —

but from the context we see that this is merely a plausible excuse for not giving the count a definite answer just then. The girl, he says, is " yet a stranger in the world " (has not yet " come out," in modern parlance), and it is best to wait a year or two: —

> " Let two more summers wither in their pride
> Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride."

He sees no reason for haste; but later, influenced by the noble wooer's importunities and the persuasions of his wife, who has favoured an early marriage from the first (i. 3), he takes a different tone (iii. 4. 12): —

> " *Capulet.* Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
> Of my child's love. I think she will be rul'd
> In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not. —
> Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
> Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
> And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next —
> But, soft! what day is this?
> *Paris.* Monday, my lord.
> *Capulet.* Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon.
> O' Thursday let it be; o' Thursday, tell her,
> She shall be married to this noble earl."

" She *shall* be married," and the day is fixed. Already he calls Paris " my son." No question now of delay, and getting her " consent " as a condition of securing his own!

At the supposed sudden death of their daughter the parents naturally feel some genuine grief; but their conventional wailing (iv. 5) belongs to the earlier version of the play, and it is significant that Shakespeare let it stand when revising his work some

years afterwards. As Tieck remarks, it "had not the true tragic ring" — and why should it?

Most of the critics have assumed that Shakespeare makes Juliet only fourteen, because of her Italian birth; but in the original Italian versions of the story she is eighteen, and Brooke makes her sixteen. All of Shakespeare's other youthful heroines whose ages are definitely stated or indicated are very young. Miranda, in *The Tempest*, is barely fifteen, as she has been "twelve year" on the enchanted island and was "not out [full] three years old" when her father was driven from Milan. Marina, in *Pericles*, is only fifteen at the end of the play; and Perdita only sixteen, as we learn from the prologue to act iv. of *The Winter's Tale*.

In Juliet's case, I believe that the youthfulness was an essential element in Shakespeare's conception of the character. With the parents and the Nurse he has given her, she could only have been, at the opening of the play, the mere girl he makes her. She must be too young to have discovered the real character of her father and mother, and to have been chilled and hardened by learning how unlike they were to the ideals of her childhood. She must not have come to comprehend fully the low coarse nature of the Nurse, her foster-mother. The poet would not have dared to leave the maiden under the influence of that gross creature till she was eighteen, or even sixteen. As it is, she has not been harmed by the prurient vulgarity of the garrulous dame. She never shows any interest in it, or seems even to notice it. When her mother first refers to the suit of Paris (i. 3) we see that no thought of love or marriage has ever occurred to her, and the glowing description of a noble and wealthy young wooer does not excite her imagination in the least. Her only response to all that the Lady and the Nurse have urged in praise of Paris is coldly acquiescent: —

> "I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
> But no more deep will I endart mine eye
> Than your consent gives strength to make it fly."

The playful manner in which Juliet receives the advances of Romeo (i. 5. 95–109) is thoroughly girlish, though we must note that his first speech, as given in the play ("If I profane," etc.), is not the beginning of their conversation, which has been going on while Capulet and Tybalt were talking. This is the first and the last glimpse that we get of her bright young sportiveness. With the kiss that ends the pretty quibbling the girl learns what love means, and the larger life of womanhood begins.

The "balcony scene" (ii. 2)— the most exquisite love scene ever written — is in perfect keeping with the poet's conception of Juliet as little more than a child — still childlike in the expression of the new love that is making her a woman. Hence the absolute frankness in her avowal of that love — an ideal love in which passion and purity are perfectly interfused. There is not a suggestion of sensuality on Romeo's part any more than on hers. When he asks, "O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?" it is only the half-involuntary utterance of the man's impatience — so natural to the man — that the full fruition of his love must be delayed. Juliet knows that it involves no base suggestion, and a touch of tender sympathy and pity is mingled with the maiden wisdom of the innocent response, "What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?"

Lady Martin (Helena Faucit), who has played the part of Juliet with rare power and grace, and has written about it no less admirably, remarks on this scene: "Women are deeply in debt to Shakespeare for all the lovely and noble things he has put into his women's hearts and mouths, but surely for nothing more than for the words in which Juliet's reply [to Romeo, when he has overheard her soliloquy in the balcony] is couched. Only one who knew of what a true woman is capable, in frankness, in courage, and self-surrender when her heart is possessed by a noble love, could have touched with such delicacy, such infinite charm of mingled reserve and artless frankness, the avowal of so fervent, yet so modest a love, the secret of which had been so strangely stolen from her. As the whole scene is the noblest pæan to Love ever

written, so is what Juliet says supreme in subtlety of feeling and expression, where all is beautiful. Watch all the fluctuations of emotion which pervade it, . . . the generous frankness of the giving, the timid drawing back, fearful of having given too much unsought; the perplexity of the whole, all summed up in that sweet entreaty for pardon with which it closes."

Juliet's soliloquy in iii. 3 is no less remarkable for its chaste and reverent dealing with a situation even more perilous for the dramatist. We must not forget that it *is* a soliloquy, "breathed out in the silence and solitude of her chamber," as Mrs. Jameson reminds us; or, we may say, not so much as breathed out, but only thought and felt, unuttered even when no one could have heard it. As spoken to a theatrical audience, it is only to a sympathetic listener who appreciates the situation that it can have its true effect, and one feels almost guilty and ashamed at having intruded upon the sacred privacy of the maiden meditation. Even to comment upon it seems like profanity.

Here, as in the balcony scene, Juliet is simply the "impatient child" to whom she compares herself, looking forward with mingled innocence and eagerness to the fruition of the "tender wishes blossoming at night" that inspire the soliloquy.

In one of Romeo's speeches in the interview with Friar Laurence after the death of Tybalt (iii. 3), there is a delicate tribute to the girlish purity and timidity of Juliet, though it occurs in a connection so repellent to our taste that we may fail to note it. This is the passage: —

> "heaven is here,
> Where Juliet lives, and every cat and dog
> And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
> Live here in heaven and may look on her,
> But Romeo may not. More validity,
> More honourable state, more courtship lives
> In carrion-flies than Romeo. They may seize
> On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
> And steal immortal blessing from her lips,

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;
But Romeo may not, he is banished.
This may flies do, when I from this must fly;
They are free men, but I am banished."

This is unquestionably from the earliest draft of the play, and is a specimen of the most intolerable class of Elizabethan conceits. As another has said, "Perhaps the worst line that Shakespeare or any other poet ever wrote, is the dreadful one where Romeo, in the very height of his passionate despair, says, 'This may *flies* do, but I from this must *fly*.'" It comes in "with an obtrusive incongruity which absolutely makes one shudder." The allusion to the "carrion flies" is bad enough, but the added pun on *fly*, which makes the allusion appear deliberate and elaborate rather than an unfortunate lapse due to the excitement of the moment, forbids any attempt to excuse or palliate it. But we must not overlook the exquisite reference to Juliet's lips, that —

"even in pure and vestal modesty
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin."

There we have the true Juliet — the Juliet whose maiden modesty and innocence certain critics (in their comments upon the soliloquy in iii. 3) have been too gross to comprehend. It is to Romeo's honour that he can understand and feel it even when recalling the passionate exchange of conjugal kisses.

The scene (iv. 3) in which Juliet drinks the potion has been misinterpreted by some of the best critics. Coleridge says that she "swallows the draught in a fit of fright," for it would have been "too bold a thing" for a girl of fourteen to have done it otherwise. Mrs. Jameson says that, "gradually and most naturally, in such a mind once *thrown off its poise*, the horror rises to *frenzy*, — her imagination realizes its own hideous creations," — that is, after picturing all the possible horrors of the tomb, she *sees*, or believes she

sees, the ghost of Tybalt, and drinks the potion in the frenzied apprehension the vision excites. On the contrary, as George Fletcher remarks, "the very clearness and completeness with which her mind embraces her present position make her pass in lucid review, and in the most natural and logical sequence, the several dismal contingencies that await her" — thus leading up, "step by step, to this climax of the accumulated horrors, not which she *may*, but which she *must* encounter, if she wake before the calculated moment. This pressure on her brain, crowned by the vivid apprehension of *anticipated* frenzy, does, indeed, amid her dim and silent loneliness, produce a momentary hallucination [of Tybalt's ghost], but she instantly recovers herself, recognizes the illusion, . . . embraces the one chance of earthly reunion with her lord — 'Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee!'"

This is substantially Lady Martin's interpretation of the scene, and that which she carried out in action on the stage. She says: "For the moment the great fear gets the better of her great love, and all seems madness. Then in her frenzy of excitement she seems to see Tybalt's figure 'seeking out Romeo.' At the mention of Romeo's name I used to feel all my resolution return. Romeo! She goes to meet him, and what terror shall hold her back? She will pass through the horror of hell itself to reach what lies beyond; and she swallows the potion with his name upon her lips." The lady adds: "What it is to act it I need not tell. What power it demands! and yet what restraint!"

ROMEO. — Some critics have expressed surprise that Shakespeare should have preluded the main story of the drama with the "superfluous complication" of Romeo's love for Rosaline. On the other hand, Coleridge considers it "a strong instance of the fineness of his insight into the nature of the passions." He adds: "The necessity of loving creates an object for itself in man and woman; and yet there is a difference in this respect between the sexes, though only to be known by a perception of it. It would have displeased us if Juliet had been represented as already in love,

or as fancying herself so; but no one, I believe, ever experiences any shock at Romeo's forgetting his Rosaline, who had been a mere name for the yearning of his youthful imagination, and rushing into his passion for Juliet." Mrs. Jameson says: "Our impression of Juliet's loveliness and sensibility is enhanced when we find it overcoming in the bosom of Romeo a previous love for another. His visionary passion for the cold, inaccessible Rosaline forms but the prologue, the threshold, to the true, the real sentiment which succeeds to it. This incident, which is found in the original story, has been retained by Shakspeare with equal feeling and judgment; and, far from being a fault in taste and sentiment, far from prejudicing us against Romeo by casting on him, at the outset of the piece, the stigma of inconstancy, it becomes, if properly considered, a beauty in the drama, and adds a fresh stroke of truth to the portrait of the lover. Why, after all, should we be offended at what does not offend Juliet herself? for in the original story we find that her attention is first attracted towards Romeo by seeing him 'fancy-sick and pale of cheer,' for love of a cold beauty."

The German critic Kreyssig aptly remarks: "We make the acquaintance of Romeo at the critical period of that not dangerous sickness to which youth is liable. It is that 'love lying in the eyes' of early and just blossoming manhood, that humorsome, whimsical 'love in idleness,' that first bewildered, stammering interview of the heart with the scarcely awakened nature. Strangely enough, objections have been made to this 'superfluous complication,' as if, down to this day, every Romeo had not to sigh for some Junonian Rosaline, nay, for half a dozen Rosalines, more or less, before his eyes open upon his Juliet."

Young men of ardent and sentimental nature, as Kreyssig intimates, imagine themselves in love — sometimes again and again — before a genuine passion takes possession of them. As Rosalind expresses it, Cupid may have "clapped them on the shoulder," but, they are really "heart-whole." Such love is like that of the song in *The Merchant of Venice*: —

"It is engender'd in the eyes,
By gazing fed, and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies."

It lives only until it is displaced by a healthier, more vigorous love, capable of outgrowing the precarious period of infancy.[1] This is not the only instance of the kind in Shakespeare. Orsino's experience in *Twelfth Night* is similar to Romeo's. At the beginning of the play he is suffering from unrequited love for Olivia, but later finds his Juliet in Viola.

Romeo is a very young man — if indeed we may call him a man when we first meet him. We may suppose him to be twenty, but hardly older. He has seen very little of society, as we infer from Benvolio's advising him to go to the masquerade at Capulet's, in order to compare "the admired beauties of Verona" with Rosaline. He had thought her "fair, none else being by." He is hardly less "a stranger in the world" than Juliet himself. Love develops him as it does her, but more slowly.

Contrast the strength of Juliet's new-born heroism in her budding womanhood, when she drinks the potion that is to consign her to the horrors of the charnel-house, with the weakness of Romeo who is ready to kill himself when he learns that he is to be banished from Verona, — an insignificant fate compared with that which threatens her — banishment from home, a beggar in the streets, — the only alternative a criminal marriage that would forever separate her from her lawful husband, or death to escape that guilt and

[1] Praed alludes to this affection of the "salad days" of youth in *The Belle of the Ball-room* : —

"Through sunny May, through sultry June,
I loved her with a love eternal."

That is about the average span of its "eternity." In Romeo's case it did not last even two months, as we may infer from the fact (i. 1. 136) that his parents have not found out the cause of it, and from what his friends say about it.

wretchedness. No wonder that the Friar cannot control his contempt and indignation when Romeo draws his sword: —

> "Hold thy desperate hand!
> Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
> Thy tears are womanish, thy wild acts denote
> The unreasonable fury of a beast,
> Unseemly woman in a seeming man!
> Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
> Thou hast amaz'd me; by my holy order,
> I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
> Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
> And slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
> By doing damned hate upon thyself?
>
> * * * * *
>
> What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
> For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
> There art thou happy. Tybalt would kill thee,
> But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happpy too.
> The law that threaten'd death becomes thy friend
> And turns it to exile; there art thou happy.
> A pack of blessings lights upon thy back,
> Happiness courts thee in her best array;
> But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
> Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
> Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable."

He has the form of a man, but talks and acts like a weak girl, while the girl of fourteen whom he loves — a child three days before, we might say — now shows a self-control and fortitude worthy of a man.

Romeo does not attain to true manhood until he receives the tidings of Juliet's supposed death. "Now, for the first time," as Dowden says, "he is completely delivered from the life of dream, completely adult, and able to act with an initiative in his own will, and with manly determination. Accordingly, he now speaks with

masculine directness and energy : 'Is it even so ? Then I defy you, stars !' Yes ; he is now master of events ; the stars cannot alter his course. 'Nothing,' as Maginn has observed, 'can be more quiet than his final determination, "Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night." . . . It is plain Juliet. His mind is made up ; the whole course of the short remainder of his life so unalterably fixed that it is perfectly useless to think more about it.' These words, because they are the simplest, are amongst the most memorable that Romeo utters. Now passion, imagination, and will are fused together, and Romeo who was weak has at length become strong."

MERCUTIO. — Dryden quotes a traditional saying concerning Mercutio, that if Shakespeare had not killed him, he would have killed Shakespeare. But Shakespeare was never driven to disposing of a personage in that way, because he was unequal to the effort of maintaining the full vigour or brilliancy of the characterization. He did not have to kill off Falstaff, for instance, until he had carried him through three complete plays, and then only because his "occupation," dramatically speaking, "was gone." There was the same reason for killing Mercutio. The dramatist had no further use for him after the quarrel with Tybalt which leads to his death. In both the novel and the poem, Romeo kills Tybalt in a street brawl between the partisans of the rival houses. The dramatic effect of the scene in the play where Romeo avoids being drawn into a conflict with Tybalt until driven to incontrollable grief and wrath by the death of his friend is far more impressive. The self-control and self-restraint of Romeo, in spite of the insults of Tybalt and the disgust of Mercutio at what seems to him "calm, dishonourable, vile submission," show how reluctant the lover of Juliet is to fight with her kinsman. He does his best to restrain his friend from the duel : "Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up —" but to no purpose ; nor is his appeal to Benvolio to "beat down their weapons" more successful. He then attempts to do this himself, but the only result is to bring about the death of Mercutio, who exclaims : "Why the devil came you between us ? I was hurt under

your arm." Poor Romeo can only plead, "I thought all for the best."

But at this point in the play, when the tragic complication really begins, the dramatist must dismiss Mercutio from the stage, as he does with Falstaff after Prince Hal has become King. Mercutio must not come in contact with Juliet, nor will Romeo himself care to meet him. He is the most foul-mouthed of Shakespeare's characters, the clowns and profligates not excepted. The only instance in Shakespeare's works in which the original editions omit a word from the text is in a speech of Mercutio's; and Pope, who could on occasion be as coarse as any author of that licentious age, felt obliged to drop two of Mercutio's lines from his edition of the dramatist. Fortunately, the majority of the knight's gross allusions are so obscure that they would not be understood nowadays, even by readers quite familiar with the language of the time.

And yet Mercutio is a fellow of excellent fancy — poetical fancy — as the familiar description of Queen Mab amply proves. Critics have picked it to pieces and found fault with some of the details; but there was never a finer mingling of exquisite poetry with keen and sparkling wit. Its imperfections and inconsistencies, if such they be, are in keeping with the character and the situation. It was meant to be a brilliant improvisation, not a carefully elaborated composition. Shakespeare may, indeed, have written the speech as rapidly and carelessly as he makes Mercutio speak it.

The Time-analysis of the Play

This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel in his valuable paper "On the Times or Durations of the Actions of Shakspere's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 194) as follows: —

"Time of this Tragedy, six consecutive days, commencing on the morning of the first, and ending early in the morning of the sixth.

Day 1. (Sunday) Act I. and Act II. sc. i. and ii.

" 2. (Monday) Act II. sc. iii.–vi., Act III. sc. i.–iv.

Day 3. (Tuesday) Act III. sc. v., Act IV. sc. i.–iv.
" 4. (Wednesday) Act IV. sc. v.
" 5. (Thursday) Act V.
" 6. (Friday) End of Act V. sc. iii."

After the above was printed, Dr. Furnivall called Mr. Daniel's attention to my note on page 249 fol. in which I show that the drama may close on Thursday morning instead of Friday. Mr. Daniel was at first disinclined to accept this view, but on second thought was compelled to admit that I was right.

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Escalus: i. 1(23); iii. 1(16); v. 3(36). Whole no. 75.

Paris: i. 2(4); iii. 4(4); iv. 1(23), 5(6); v. 3(32). Whole no. 69.

Montague: i. 1(28); iii. 1(3); v. 3(10). Whole no. 41.

Capulet: i. 1(3), 2(33), 5(56); iii. 4(31), 5(63); iv. 2(26), 4(19), 5(28); v. 3(10). Whole no. 269.

2d Capulet: i. 5(3). Whole no. 3.

Romeo: i. 1(65), 2(29), 4(34), 5(27); ii. 1(2), 2(86), 3(25), 4(54), 6(12); iii. 1(36), 3(71), 5(24); v. 1(71), 3(82). Whole no. 618.

Mercutio: i. 4(73); ii. 1(34), 4(95); iii. 1(71). Whole no. 273.

Benvolio: i. 1(51), 2(20), 4(13), 5(1); ii. 1(9), 4(14); iii. 1(53). Whole no. 161.

Tybalt: i. 1(5), 5(17); iii. 1(14). Whole no. 36.

Friar Laurence: ii. 3(72), 6(18); iii. 3(87); iv. 1(56), 5(25); v. 2(17), 3(75). Whole no. 350.

Friar John: v. 2(13). Whole no. 13.

Balthasar: v. 1(11), 3(21). Whole no. 32.

Sampson: i. 1(41). Whole no. 41.

Gregory: i. 1(24). Whole no. 24.

Peter: iii. 4(7); iv. 5(30). Whole no. 37.
Abram: i. 1(5). Whole no. 5.
Apothecary: v. 1(7). Whole no. 7.
1*st Musician:* iv. 5(16). Whole no. 16.
2*d Musician:* iv. 5(6). Whole no. 6.
3*d Musician:* iv. 5(1). Whole no. 1.
1*st Servant:* i. 2(21), 3(5), 5(11); iv. 4(1). Whole no. 38.
2*d Servant:* i. 5(7); iv. 2(5), 4(2). Whole no. 14.
1*st Watchman:* v. 3(19). Whole no. 19.
2*d Watchman:* v. 3(1). Whole no. 1.
3*d Watchman:* v. 3(3). Whole no. 3.
1*st Citizen:* i. 1(2); iii. 1(4). Whole no. 6.
Page: v. 3(9). Whole no. 9.
Lady Montague: i. 1(3). Whole no. 3.
Lady Capulet: i. 1(1), 3(36), 5(1); iii. 1(11), 4(2), 5(37); iv. 2(3), 3(3), 4(3), 5(13); v. 3(5). Whole no. 115.
Juliet: i. 3(8), 5(19); ii. 2(114), 5(43), 6(7); iii. 2(116), 5(105); iv. 1(48), 2(12), 3(56); v. 3(13). Whole no. 541.
Nurse: i. 3(61), 5(15); ii. 2(114), 6(43), 7(7); iii. 2(116), 5(105); iv. 1(48), 2(12), 3(56); v. 3(13). Whole no. 290.
"*Prologue*": (14). Whole no. 14.
"*Chorus*": end of act i. (14). Whole no. 14.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number in each scene is as follows: Prologue (14); i. 1(244), 2(106), 3(106), 4(114), 5(147); Chorus (14); ii. 1(42), 2(190), 3(94), 4(233), 5(80), 6(37); iii. 1(202), 2(143), 3(175), 4(36), 5(241); iv. 1(126), 2(47), 3(58), 4(28), 5(150); v. 1(86), 2(30), 3(310). Whole number in the play, 3053. The line-numbering is that of the Globe ed.

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